HERO AND LEANDER:

Begunne by CHRISTOPHER MARLOE, *and finiſhed by* George Chapman.

Vt Nectar, Ingenium.

LONDON.

¶ Printed by *W. Stansby* for *Ed. Blunt* and *W. Barret*, and are to be ſold in *Pauls* Church-yard, at the ſigne of the Blacke Beare.

1613.

THE CANTLE

LEANDER.

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[illegible]

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To the Right VVorshipfull, Sir THOMAS VVALSINGHAM KNIGHT.

SIr, we think not our selues discharged of the duety wee owe to our friend, when wee haue brought the breat hlesse body to the earth: for albeit the eye there taketh his euer farewell of that beloued obiect, yet the impression of the man, that hath bin deare vnto vs, liuing an after-life in our memory, there putteth vs in mind of farther obsequies due vnto the deceased. And namely of the performance of whatsoeuer wee may iudge shall make to his liuing credite, and to the effecting of his determinations preuented by the stroke of death. By these meditations (as by an intellectuall will) I suppose my selfe executor to the vnhappy deceased Author of this Poeme, vpon whome knowing that in his life time you bestowed many kind fauours, entertaining the parts of reckoning and worth which you found in him, with good countenance and liberall affection, I cannot but see so farre into the

will of him dead, that whatsoeuer issue of his braine should chance to come abroad, that the first breath it should take might bee the gentle aire of your liking: for since his selfe had beene accustomed thereto, it would proue more agreeable and thriuing to his right children, then any other foster countenance whatsoeuer. At this time seeing that this vnfinished tragedy happens vnder my hands to bee imprinted, of a double duety, the one to your selfe, the other to the deceased. I present the same to your most fauourable allowance, offering my vtmost selfe now and euer to bee readie at your Worshippes disposing.

E. B.

was hastye in his bukes ffore
et vnhastye in his lyfe and deth.

Hero and Leander.

The Argument of the first SESTYAD.

Heros *description and her Loue,*
The Phane of Venus, *where he moues,*
His worthie Loue-suite, and attaines,
Whose blisse the wrath of Fates restraines,
For Cupids *grace to* Mercurie,
Which tale the Author doth implie.

ON *Hellespont* guilty of true loues blood,
In view and opposit two Cities stood,
Sea-borders, disioin'd by *Neptunes* might,
The one *Abydos*, the other *Sestos* hight.
At *Sestos Hero* dwelt, *Hero* the faire,
Whom young *Apollo* courted for her haire,
And offered as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit for men to gaze vpon.
The outside of her garments were of lawne,
The lining, purple silke with guilt starres drawne,
Her wide sleeues greene, and bordered with a groue
Where *Venus* in her naked glory stroue,
To please the careless and disdainfull eyes
Of proud *Adonis* that before her lies
Her kirtle blew, whereon was many a staine,
Made with the blood of wretched louers slaine.

Vpon her head she ware a myrtle wreath,
From whence her vaile reacht to the ground beneath.
Her vaile was artificiall flowers and leaues,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceiues.
Many would praise the sweet smell as she past,
When t'was the odour which her breath forth cast.
And there for hony, Bees haue sought in vaine,
And beat from thence, haue lighted there againe.
About her necke hung chaines of peble stone,
VVhich lightned by her necke, like Diamons shone.
She ware no gloues, for neicher sunne nor wind,
Would burne or parch her hands, but to her mind,
Or warme or coole them, for they tooke delite,
To play vpon thoſe hands, they were so white,
Buskins of shels, all siluered vsed shee,
And brancht with blushing Corall to the knee,
Where sparrowes pearcht, of hollow pearle and golde,
Such as the world would wonder to behold
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fils,
Which as she went would cherup through the bils.
Some say for her the fairest *Cupid* pin'd,
And looking in her face was strucken blind,
But this is true, so like was one the other.
As he imagin'd *Hero* was her mother.
And oftentimes into her bosome flew,
About her naked necke his bare armes threw,
And laid his childish head vpon her breast,

And with ſtill panting rocke, there tooke his reſt.
So louely faire was *Hero*, *Venus* Nun,
As Nature wept, thinking ſhe was vndone,
Becauſe ſhee tooke more from her then ſhe left,
And of ſuch wondrous beauty her bereft,
Therefore in ſigne her treaſure ſuffred wracke,
Since *Heroes* time, hath halfe the world been blacke.
Amorous *Leander*, beautifull and young,
(Whoſe tragedy diuine *Muſæus* ſung)
Dwelt at *Abydus* ſince him, dwelt there none,
For whom ſucceeding times may greater mone.
His dangling treſſes that were neuer ſhorne,
Had they beene cut, and vnto *Colchos* borne,
VVould haue allur'd the venterous youth of *Greece*
To hazard more then for the golden fleece.
Faire *Cynthia* wiſht his armes might be her ſphere,
Griefe makes her pale, becauſe ſhe moues not there.
His body was as ſtraight as *Circes* wand,
Ioue might haue ſipt out *Nectar* from his hand,
Euen as delicious meat is to the taſte,
So was his necke in touching, and ſurpaſt
The white of *Pelops* ſhoulder, I could tell yee,
How ſmooth his breaſt was, & how white his belly,
And whoſe immortall fingers did imprint
That heauenly path, with many a curious dint,
That runs along his backe, but my rude pen,
Can hardly blazon forth the loues of men.

Much

Much lesse of powerfull gods, let it suffice,
That my slacke Muse must sing of *Leanders* eyes.
These orient cheeks and lips, exceeding his
That leapt into the water for a kisse
Of his owne shadow, and despising many,
Died ere he could enioy the loue of any.
Had wilde *Hippolitus Leander* seen,
Enamored of his beauty had hee beene,
His presence made the rudest paisant melt,
That in the vast vplandish country dwelt,
The barbarous *Thracian* souldier mou'd with nought
Was mou'd with him, and for his fauour sought.
Some swore hee was a maid in mans attire,
For in his lookes were all that men desire,
A pleasant smiling cheeke, a speaking eye,
A brow for Loue to banquet royally,
And such as knew hee was a man, would say,
Leander thou art made for amorous play,
Why art thou not in Loue, and lou'd of all?
Though thou be faire, yet be not thine owne thrall.
The men of wealthy *Sestos* euery yeere,
(For his sake whom their Goddesse held so deare,
Rose-cheekt *Adonis* kept a solemne feast,
Thither resorted many a wandred guest,
To meet their loues, such as had none at all,
Came Louers home from this great festiuall.
For euery street like to a Firmament,

Glistered

Gliſtered with breathing ſtars, who where they went
Frighted the Melancholy earth, which deem'd,
Eternall heauen to burne, for ſo it ſeem'd,
As if another *Phaeton* had got
The guidance of the ſunnes rich chariot.
But farre aboue the louelieſt *Hero* ſhin'd,
And ſtole away th'inchanted gazers mind,
For like Sea-Nimphs inueigling harmony,
So was her beauty to the ſtanders by.
Nor that night wandring pale and watry ſtarre,
(When yawning Dragons draw her thirling carre,
From *Latmus* mount vp to the gloomie skie,
VVhere crown'd with blaſing light and maieſty
She proudly ſits) more ouer-rules the flood,
Than ſhee the hearts of thoſe that neere her ſtood.
Euen as, when gawdy Nimphes purſue the chaſe,
Wretched *Ixions* ſhaggy footed race,
Incenſt with ſauage heate, gallop amaine,
From ſteepe Pine, bearing mountaines to the plaine:
So ran the people foorth to gaze vpon her,
And all that view'd her, were enamour'd on her.
And as in a fury of dreadfull fight,
Their fellowes being ſlaine, or put to flight,
Poore ſoldiers ſtand with feare of death dead ſtrooken
So at her preſence all ſurprizde and tooken,
Await the ſentence of her ſcornefull eies:
He whom ſhe fauours liues, the other dies.

There might you see one sigh, another rage,
And some (their violent passions to asswage)
Compile sharpe Satyrs, but alas too late,
For faithfull loue will neuer turne to hate,
And many seeing great Princes were denied,
Pin'd as they went, and thinking on her died.
On this feast day, O cursed day and hower
Went *Hero* thorow *Sestos*, from her tower
To *Venus* temple, where vnhappily,
As after chanc'd, they did each other spie,
So faire a Church as this had *Venus* none,
The wals were of discoloured Iasper stone,
Wherein was *Proteus* caru'd, and ouer head
A liuely vine of greene sea agget spread,
Where by one hand light headed *Bacchus* hung;
And with the other, wine from grapes out wrung.
Of Christall shining faire, the pauement was,
The towne of *Sestos*, calde it *Venus* glasse,
There might you see the gods in sundry shapes,
Committing headdy ryots, incest, rapes,
For know that vnderneath this radiant flower
Was *Danaes* statue in a brazen tower,
Ioue slily stealing from his sisters bed,
To dally with *Idalian Ganimed*;
And for his loue *Europa* bellowing lowd,
And tumbling with the rainbow in a cloud
Blood-quaffing *Mars* heauing the yron net,

VVhich limping *Vulcan* and his *Cyclops* fet:
Loue kindling fire, to burne ſuch townes as *Troy*,
Siluanus weeping for the louely boy,
That now is turnd into a Cypres tree,
Vnder whoſe ſhade the Wood-gods loue to be.
And in the midſt a ſiluer alter ſtood,
There *Hero* ſacrificing turtles blood,
Taild to the ground, vailing her eye-lids cloſe,
And modeſtly they opened as ſhee roſe.
Thence flew Loues arrow with the golden head,
And thus *Leander* was enamoured.
Stone ſtill hee ſtood, and euermore he gazed,
Till with the fire that from his countenance blazed,
Relenting *Hero's* gentle heart was ſtrooke,
Such force and vertue hath an amorous looke.
It lies not in our power to loue or hate,
For will in vs is ouer-rulde by fate:
When two are ſtript long ere the courſe begin,
Wee wiſh that one ſhould loſe, the other winne.
And one eſpecially doo we affect,
Of two gold Ingots like in each reſpect,
The reaſon no man knowes, let it ſuffice,
What we behold is cenſur'd by our eyes.
Where both delibrat, the loue is ſlight,
Who euer lou'd, that lou'd not at firſt ſight.
He kneel'd, but vnto her deuoutly praid:
Chaſt *Hero*, to her ſelfe thus ſoftly ſaid:

Were I the Saint he worſhips, I would heare him,
And as ſhe ſpake thoſe words, came ſomewhat neere
He ſtarted vp, ſhe bluſht as one aſham'd, (him.
VVherewith *Leander* much more was inflam'd.
He toucht her hand, in touching it ſhe trembled,
Loue deepely grounded, hardly is diſſembled.
Theſe louers parlëd by the touch of hands,
True loue is mute and oft amazed ſtands.
Thus while dumb ſigns their yeelding harts entãgled,
The aire with ſparkes of liuing fire was ſpangled,
And night deepe drencht in miſtie *Acheron,*
Heau'd vp her head, and halfe the world vpon,
Breath'd darkeneſſe forth (darke night is *Cupids* day,)
And now begins *Leander* to diſplay
Loues holy fire, with words, with ſighes, and teares,
Which like ſweete muſicke entred *Heroes* eares,
And yet at euery word ſhe turnde aſide,
And alwayes cut him off as hee replide.
At laſt, like to a bold ſharpe Sophiſter,
With cheareſull hope thus he accoſted her.
Faire creature let me ſpeake without offence,
I would my rude words had the influence,
To lead thy thoughts, as thy faire lookes doe mine,
Then ſhouldſt thou be his priſoner who is thine.
Be not vnkind and faire, miſhapen ſtuffe
Are of behauiours boiſterous and ruffe.
O ſhun me not, but heare me ere you goe,

God knowes I cannot force loue as you doe.
My words ſhall be as ſpotleſſe as my youth,
Full of ſimplicitie and naked truth.
This ſacrifice (whoſe ſweet perfume deſcending,
From *Venus* altar to your footſteps bending)
Doth teſtifie that you exceed her farre,
To whom you offer, and whoſe Nunne you are.
VVhy ſhould you worſhip her, her you ſurpaſſe,
As much as ſparkling Diamonds flaring glaſſe.
A Diamond ſet in lead his worth retaines,
A heauenly Nimph belou'd of humane ſwaines,
Receiues no blemiſh, but oft-times more grace,
VVhich makes me hope, although I am but baſe,
Baſe in reſpect of thee, diuine and pure,
Dutifull ſeruice may thy loue procure,
And I in duety will excell all other,
As thou in beautie doeſt exceed loues mother.
Nor heauen nor thou were made to gaze vpon,
As heauen preſerues all things, ſo ſaue thou one.
A ſtately builded ſhip, well rig'd and tall,
The Ocean maketh more maieſticall:
Why vowſt thou then to liue in *Seſtos* here,
Who on Loues ſeas more glorious wouldſt appeare?
Like vntun'd golden ſtrings all women are,
Which long time lie vntouch't will harſhly iarre.
Veſſels of braſſe oft handled, brightly ſhine,
What difference betwixt the richeſt Mine,

And baleft mold, but vle? for both not vide,
Are of like worth. Then treaſure is abuſde,
When miſers keepe it, being put to lone,
In time it will returne vs two for one.
Rich robes, themſelues and others doe adorne,
Neither themſelues nor others, if not worne.
Who builds a pallace, and rams vp the gate,
Shall ſee it ruinous and deſolate.
Ah ſimple *Hero* learne thy ſelfe to cheriſh,
Lone women like to empty houſes periſh
Leſſe ſins the poore rich man that ſterues himſelfe,
In heaping vp a maſſe of droſsie pelfe,
Than ſuch as you, his golden earth remaines,
VVhich after his deceaſe ſome other gaines.
But this faire gem ſweet, in the loſſe alone,
When you fleet hence, can be bequeath'd to none,
Or if it could, downe from th'enameld skie,
All heauen would come to claime this legacie,
And with inteſtine broiles the world deſtroy,
And quite confound natures ſweet harmony.
Well therefore by the gods decreed it is,
We humane creatures ſhould enioy that blis,
One is no number, maids are nothing then,
Without the ſweet ſociety of men.
Wilt thou liue ſingle ſtill? one ſhalt thou be,
Though neuer-ſingling *Hymen* couple thee.
VVild ſauages, that drinke of running ſprings,

Thinke

Thinke water farre excels all earthly things,
But they that daily taſte neate wine deſpiſe it,
Virginity, albeit ſome highly priſe it,
Compar'd with mariage, had you tride them both,
Differs as much, as wine and water doth.
Baſe boullion for the ſtampes ſake wee allow,
Euen ſo for mens impreſsion doe we you,
By which alone, our reuerend fathers ſay
Women receiue perfection euery way,
This Idoll which you tearme Virginity
Is neither eſſence ſubiect to the eye,
No, nor to any one exterior ſence,
Nor hath it any place of reſidence,
Nor is't of earth or molde celeſtiall,
Or capable of any forme at all.
Of that which hath no beeing doe not boaſt,
Things that are not at all, are neuer loſt.
Men fooliſhly doe call it vertuous,
What vertue *is it*, that is borne with vs,
Much leſſe can honour be aſcribde thereto,
Honour is purchaſde by the deedes wee doe,
Belieue me *Hero* honour is not wonne,
Vntill ſome honourable deed bee done.
Seeke you for chaſtity, immortall fame,
And know that ſome haue wrong'd *Dianas* name.
Whoſe name is it, if ſhe be faire or nor,
So ſhee be faire, but ſome vile tongues will blot?

But you are faire (aye me) ſo wondrous faire,
So young, ſo gentle, and ſo debonaire,
As *Greece* will thinke, if thus you liue alone,
Some one or other keepes you as his owne.
Then *Hero* hate me not, nor from me flie,
To follow ſwiftly blaſting infamie.
Perhaps thy ſacred Prieſthood makes thee loath,
Tell me, to whom mad'ſt thou that heedleſſe oath?
To Venus, anſwered ſhee, and as ſhee ſpake,
Foorth from thoſe two tralucent ceſternes brake,
A ſtreame of liquid pearle, which downe her face
Made milk-white paths, wheron the gods might trace
To *Ioues* high Court. He thus replide: the rites
In which Loues beauteous Empreſſe moſt delites,
Are banquets, Doricke muſicke, midnight reuell,
Playes, Maskes, and all that ſterne age counteth euill.
Thee as a holy Idiot doth ſhee ſcorne,
For thou in vowing chaſtity, haſt ſworne,
To rob her name and honour, and thereby
Commit'ſt a ſinne farre worſe than periury.
Euen ſacriledge againſt her Deity,
Through regular and formall puritie.
To expiat which ſinne, kiſſe, and ſhake hands.
Such ſacriſice as this *Venus* demands.
Thereat ſhe ſmilde, and did deny him ſo,
As put thereby, yet might he hope for moe,
Which makes him quickly re-enforce his ſpeech,

And her in humble manner thus beseech.

Though neither gods nor men may thee deserue,
Yet for her sake whom you haue vow'd to serue,
Abandon fruitlesse cold Virginity,
The gentle Queene of Loues sole enemy,
Then shall you most resemble *Venus* Nun,
When *Venus* sweet rites are perform'd and dun,
Flint-bresled *Pallas* ioyes in single life,
But *Pallas* and your Mistrisse are at strife.
Loue *Hero* then, and be not tyrannous,
But heale the heart that thou hast wounded thus,
Nor staine thy youthfull yeares with auarice,
Faire fooles delight to be accounted nice.
The richest corne dies, if it be not reapt,
Beauty alone is lost, too warily kept,
These argumens she vs'd, and many more,
Wherewith she yeelded, that was wonne before,
Heroes lookes yeelded, but her words made warre,
Women are woont when they beginne to iarre.
Thus hauing swallowed *Cupids* golden hooke,
The more she striu'd, the deeper was shee strooke.
Yet euilly faining anger, stroue shee still,
And would be thought to grant against her will.
So hauing paus'd a while, at last she said,
Who taught thee Rhetorike to deceiue a maid?
Aye me, such words as these should I abhorre,
And yet I like them for the Orator.

With that *Leander* ſtoopt to haue imbrac'd her,
But from his ſpreading armes away ſhe caſt her,
And thus beſpake him: Gentle youth forbeare
To touch the ſacred garments which I weare.
Vpon a rocke, and vnderneath a hill,
Farre from the towne (where all is whiſt and ſtill,
Saue that the ſea playing on yellow ſand,
Sends forth a ratling murmure to the land,
VVhoſe ſound allures the golden *Morpheus*,
In ſilence of the night to viſite vs.)
My turret ſtands, and there God knowes I play,
With *Venus* ſwannes, and ſparrowes all the day,
A dwarfiſh beldam beares me company,
That hops about the chamber where I lie,
And ſpends the night (that might be better ſpent)
In vaine diſcourſe, and apiſh merriment,
Come thither: As ſhe ſpake this, her tongue tript,
For vnawares (*Come thither*) from her ſlipt,
And ſodainely her former colour chang'd,
And here and there her eyes through anger rang'd,
And like a planet mouing ſeuerall wayes,
At one ſelfe inſtant, ſhe poore ſoule aſſaies,
Louing, not to loue at all, and euery part
Stroue to reſiſt the motions of her heart,
And hands ſo pure, ſo innocent, nay ſuch
As might haue made heauen ſtoope to haue a touch,
Did ſhe vphold to *Venus*, and againe,

Vow'd ſpotleſſe chaſtity, but all in vaine;
Cupid beats downe her prayers with his wings,
Her vowes aboue the empty ayre he flings,
All deepe enrag'd, his ſnowie bow he bent,
And ſhot a ſhaft, that burning from him went,
Wherewith ſhe ſtrooken lookt ſo dolefully,
As made Loue ſigh, to ſee his tyranny.
And as ſhee wept, her teares to pearle he turn'd,
And wound them on his arme, and for her mourn'd,
Then towards the palace of the Deſtinies,
Laden with languiſhment, and griefe he flies,
And to thoſe ſterne nymphes, humbly made requeſt,
Both might enioy each other, and be bleſt,
But with a ghaſtly, dreadfull countenance,
Threatning a thouſand deathes at euery glance,
They anſwered Loue, nor would vouchſafe ſo much
As one poore word, their hate to him was ſuch,
Hearken a while, and I will tell you why,
Heauens winged herrald, *Ioue-borne Mercurie*,
The ſelfeſame day that he aſleepe had laid
Inchanted *Argus* ſpied a country maid,
Whoſe careleſſe haire, in ſtead of pearle t'adorne it,
Gliſtred with dew, as one that ſeem'd to ſcorne it,
Her breath as fragrant as the morning roſe,
Her mind pure, and her tongue vntaught to gloſe,
Yet proud ſhe was. (for lofty pride that dwels,
In towred Courts, is oft in ſhepheards cels.)

And too too well the faire vermilion knew
And siluer tincture of her cheeks, that drew
The loue of euery swaine: On her this god
Enamoured was, and with his shakie rod,
Did charme her nimble feet, and made her stay,
The while vpon the hillocke downe he lay,
And sweetly on his pipe began to play,
And with smooth speech her fancy to assay;
Till in his twining armes he lockt her fast,
And then hē woo'd with kisses, and at last,
As shepheards doe, her on the ground he laid;
And tumbling in the grasse, he often straid
Beyond the bounds of shame, in being bold
To eye those parts which no eye should behold,
And like an insolent commanding louer,
Boasting his parentage, would needs discouer
The way to new *Elisium*: but she
Whose onely dower was her chastity,
Hauing striu'ne in vaine, was now about to crie,
And craue the helpe of shepheards that were nie.
Herewith he staid his fury and began
To giue her leaue to rise, away she ran,
After went *Mercurie*, who vs'de such cunning,
As sheete to heare his tale, left off her running.
Maids are not wonne by brutish force and might,
But speeches full of pleasures and delight,
And knowing *Hermes* courted her, was glad

That

That she such louelinesse and beauty had,
As could prouoke his liking, yet was mute,
And neither would deny nor grant his sute,
Still vow'd he loue, she wanting no excuse,
To feed him with delaies as women vse,
Or thirsting after immortality,
All women are ambitious naturally,
Impos'de vpon her louer such a taske,
As he ought not performe, nor yet she aske,
A draught of flowing *Nectar* she requested,
Wherewith the king of gods and men is feasted,
He ready to accomplish what shee wilde,
Stole some from *Hebe* (*Hebe Ioues* cup fild,)
And gaue it to his simple rustike loue,
Which being knowne (as what is hid from *Ioue*)
He inly storm'd, and waxt more furious,
Than for the fire filcht by *Promethius*, (here,
And thrusts him down from heauen, he wandring
In mournfull tearmes, with sad and heauy cheare,
Complainde to *Cupid*, *Cupid* for his sake,
To be reueng'd on *Ioue* did vndertake,
And those on whom heauen, earth, and hell relies,
I meane the adamantine Destinies,
He wounds with loue, and forst them equally,
To dote vpon deceitfull *Mercurie*,
They offered him the deadly fatall knife,
That sheares the slender threads of humane life.

At this faire feathered feet, the engins laid,
Which th'earth from ougly *Chaos* den vp-waid,
These he regarded not, but did entreat
That *Ioue* vsurper of his fathers seat,
Might presently be banisht into hell,
And aged *Saturne* in *Olimpus* dwell.
They granted what he crau'd, and once againe,
Saturne and *Ops* began their golden raigne.
Murder, rape, warre, lust and trecherie,
Were with *Ioue* clos'd in Stigian Emperie.
But long this blessed time continued not,
As soone as he his wished purpose got,
He rechlesse of his promise, did despise
The loue of th'euerlasting destinies.
They seeing it both Loue and him abhor'd,
And *Iupiter* vnto his place restor'd.
And but that learning in despight of Fate,
Will mount aloft, and enter heauen gate,
And to the seat of *Ioue* it selfe aduance,
Hermes had slept in hell with ignorance.
Yet as a punishment they added this,
That he and pouerty should alwayes kisse,
And to this day is euery scholler poore,
Grosse gold from them runs headlong to the Boore,
Likewise the angry sisters thus deluded,
To venge themselues on *Hermes*, haue concluded,
That *Midas* brood shall sit in honors chaire,

T

To which the Muſes ſonnes are onely heire,
And fruitfull wits that in aſpiring are,
Shall diſcontent run into regions farre,
And few great Lord in vertuous deeds ſhall ioy,
But be ſurpris'd with euery gariſh toy.
And ſtill inrich the lofty ſeruile Clowne,
Who with incrocching guile, keepes learning downe.
Then muſe not *Cupids* ſuit no better ſped,
Seeing in their loues the Fates were iniured.

The end of the firſt Seſtyad.

The Argument of the ſecond Seſtyad.

Hero *of loue takes deeper ſence,*
And doth her loue more recompence:
Their firſt nights meeting, where ſweet kiſſes
Are th'only crowns of both their bliſſes.
*He ſwims t'*Abydus, *and returns,*
Cold Neptune *with his beauty burnes,*
Whoſe ſuite he ſhuns, and doth aſpire,
Heroes *faire tower, and his deſire.*

BY this ſad *Hero* with loue vnacquainted,
Viewing *Leanders* face, fell downe and fainted.
He kiſt her, and breath'd life into her lips,

VVherewith as one displeasde, away shee trips,
Yet as shee went full often lookt behind,
And many poore excuses did shee finde
To linger by the way, and once shee stayde,
And would haue turnde againe, but was afraide,
In offering parly, to be counted light.
So on shee goes, and in her idle flight,
Her painted fanne of curled plumes let fall,
*T*hinking to traine *Leander* therewithall.
He being a nouice knew not what shee meant.
But staid, and after her a letter sent:
VVhich ioyfull *Hero* answered in such sort,
As hee had hope to scale the beauteous fort,
Wherein the liberall Graces lock'd their wealth,
And therefore to her tower he got by stealth.
Wide open stood the dore, he need not clime,
And shee her selfe before the pointed time,
Had spread the boord, with roses strowed the roome,
And oft looked out, and mus'd he did not come,
At last hee came, O who can tell the greeting,
These greedy louers had at their first meeting?
He askt, she gaue, and nothing was denied,
Both to each other quickly were affied.
Looke how their hands, so were their hearts vnited
And what he did, she willingly requited.
(Sweet are the kisses, the imbracements sweet,
VVhen like desires and affections meet.

For

For from the earth to heauen, is (*Cupid* rais'd,
Where fancy is in equall ballance pais'd)
Yet she this rashnes sodainely repented,
And turn'd aside, and to her selfe lamented;
As if her name and honour had been wrong'd,
By beeing possest of him for whom she long'd:
I, and she wisht, albeit not from her hart,
That he would leaue her turret and depart.
The mirthfull God of amorous pleasure smil'd,
To see how he this captiue Nymph beguil'd,
For hitherto he did but fan the fire,
And kept it downe that it might mount the hier.
Now waxt she iealous, lest his loue abated,
Fearing her owne thoughts, made her to be hated,
Therefore vnto him hastily she goes,
And like light *Salmacis* her body throes
Vpon his bosom, where with yeelding eyes,
She offers vp her selfe a sacrifice,
To slake his anger, if he were displeas'd,
O what god would not therewith be appeas'd?
Like *Aesops* cocke, this iewell he enioyed,
And as a brother with his sister toyed.
Supposing nothing else was to be done,
Now he her fauour and good wil had wonne,
But know ye not that creatures wanting sence,
By nature haue a mutuall appetence,
And wanting organs to aduance a stop,

Mou'd by Loues force, vnto each other lep,
Much more in ſubiects hauing intellect,
Some hidden influence breeds like effect,
Albeit *Leander* rude in loue, and raw,
Long dallying with *Hero* nothing ſaw,
That might delight him more, yet he ſuſpected
Some amorous rites or orher were neglected,
Therefore vnto his body, hirs he clung,
She, fearing on the ruſhes to be flung,
Striu'd with redoubled ſtrength, the more ſhe ſtriued.
The more a gentle pleaſing heat reuiued,
VVhich taught him all that elder louers know,
And now the ſame gan ſo to ſcorch and glow,
As in plaine termes (yet cunningly) he crau'd it,
Loue alwayes makes thoſe eloquent that haue it,
Shee, with a kind of granting, put him by it,
And euer as he thought himſelfe moſt nigh it,
Like to the tree of *Tantalus* ſhe fled,
And ſeeming lauiſh, ſau'd her maidenhead,
Ne're king more ſought to keepe his diademe,
Than *Hero* this ineſtimable gemme.
Aboue our life wee loue a ſtedfaſt friend,
Yet when a token of great worth wee ſend,
Wee often kiſſe it, often looke thereon,
And ſtay the meſſenger that would bee gone,
No maruell then, though *Hero* would not yeeld
So ſoone to part from that ſhe deerely held.

Iewels beene loſt are found againe, this neuer,
Tis loſt but once, and once loſt, loſt for euer.
Now had the morne eſpi'd her louers ſteeds,
Whereat ſhe ſtarts, puts on her purple weeds,
And red for anger that he ſtaid ſo long,
All headlong throwes her ſelfe the clouds among,
And now *Leander* fearing to be miſt,
Imbraſt her ſodainely, tooke leaue and kiſt:
Long was he taking leaue, and loath to goe,
And kiſt againe as louers vſe to doe:
Sad *Hero* wroong him by the hand and wept,
Saying, let your vowes and promiſes be kept.
Then ſtanding at the dore, ſhe turnd about,
As loath to ſee *Leander* going out.
And now the ſunne that through th'orizon peepes,
As pittying theſe louers, downward creepes.
So that in ſilence of the clowdie night,
Though it was morning, did he take his flight.
But what the ſecret truſty night conceal'd,
Leanders amorous habit ſoone reueal'd,
With *Cupids* myrtle was his bonnet crownd,
About his armes the purple riband wound,
Wherewith ſhe wreath'd her largely ſpreading heare,
Nor could the youth abſtaine, but hee muſt weare,
The ſacred ring wherewith ſhe was endow'd,
When firſt religious chaſtity ſhe vow'd,
Which made his loue through *Seſtos* to be knowne,

And thence vnto *Abydus* ſooner blowne,
Than he could ſaile, for incorporeall Fame,
Whoſe waight conſiſtsin nothing but hername
Is ſwifter than the wind, whoſe tardie plumes,
Are reeking water, and dull earthly fumes.
Whom when he came, he ſeem'd not to be there
But like exiled aire thruſt from his ſphere,
Set in a forren place, and ſtraight from thence,
Alcides like by mighty violence,
He would haue chac'd away the ſwelling main
That him from her vniuſtly did detaine,
Like as the Sunne in ~~a Diameter,~~ *perpendicular,*
Fires and inflames obiects remooued farre,
And heateth kindly ſhining lat'rally,
So beauty ſweetly quickens when it's nie,
But being ſeparated and remooued,
Burnes where it cheriſht, murders where it loued,
Therefore, euen as an Index to a booke,
So to his mind was young *Leanders* looke,
O none haue power but Gods their loue to hide,
Affection by the count'nance is deſcride,
The light of hidden fire it ſelfe diſcouers,
And loue that is conceal'd, betrayes poore louers,
His ſecret flame apparantly was ſeene,
Leanders father knew where he had beene,
And for the ſame mildly rebukt his ſonne,
Striuing to quench the ſparkles new begunne.

But loue reſiſted once, growes paſsionate,
And nothing more then counſell louers hate,
For as a hote proud horſe, highly diſdaines
To haue his head controld, but breakes the raines
Spits forth the ringled bit, and with his houes
Checkes the ſubmiſsiue ground, ſo he that loues,
The more he is reſtrain'd, the worſe he fares
What is it now, but mad *Leander* dares?
O *Hero*, *Hero*, thus he cride full oft,
And then he got him to a rocke aloft,
Where hauing ſpide her tower, long ſtar'd he on't,
And prai'd the narrow toiling Helleſpont
To part in twaine that he might come and go,
But ſtill the riſing billowes anſwered no,
With that he ſtript him to the yu'rie skin,
And crying, Loue I come, leapt liuely in:
Whereat the ſaphir viſag'de god grew proud,
And made his capring *Triton* ſound aloud,
Imagining, that *Ganimed* diſpleas'd,
Had left the heauens, therefore on him he ſeaz'd,
Leander ſtriude, the waues about him wound,
And puld him to the bottome, where the ground
Was ſtrewd with pearle, and in low corrall growes,
Sweet ſinging Mermaids ſpotted with their loues,
On heapes of heauy gold, and tooke great pleaſure,
To ſpurne in careleſſe ſort, the ſhipwracke treaſure.
For here the ſtately azure pallace ſtoode,

Where kingly *Neptune* and his traine abode.
The lusty God imbrast him, cald him loue,
And swore he neuer should returne to *Ioue*,
But when he knew it was not *Ganimed*,
For vnder water he was almost dead,
He heau'd him vp, and looking on his face,
Beat downe the bold waues with his triple mace,
VVhich mounted vp, intending to haue kist him,
And fell in drops like teares, because they mist him.
Leander being vp, beganne to swim,
And looking backe, saw *Neptune* follow him.
VVhereat agast, the poore soule gan to crie,
O let me visite *Hero* ere I die,
The god put *Helles* bracelet on his arme,
And swore the sea should neuer doe him harme.
He clapt his plumpt cheekes, with his tresses plaide,
And smiling wantonly, his loue bewraide,
He watcht his armes, and as they opende wide,
At euery stroke betwixt them would he slide,
And steale a kisse, and then run out and dance,
And as he turnd cast many a lustfull glance,
And threw him gawdy toyes to please his eye,
And diue into the water, and there prie
Vpon his breast, his thighes, and euery lim,
And vp againe, and close beside him swim.
And talke of loue, *Leander* made reply,
You are deceiu'd, I am no woman I.

Thereat ſmilde *Neptune*, and then told a tale,
How that a ſhepheard ſitting in a vale,
Plaide with a boy, ſo faire and kind,
As for his loue, both earth and heauen pin'd,
That of the cooling riuer durſt not drinke,
Leſt water-Nymphes ſhould pul him from the brink
And when he ſported in the fragrant lawnes,
Gote-footed Satyrs; and vp-ſtarting Fawnes
VVould ſteale him thence-Ere half this tale was done:
Aye me, *Leander* cride, th'enamored ſunne,
That now ſhould ſhine on *Thetis* glaſsie bower,
Deſcends vpon my radiant *Heroes* tower.
O that theſe tardie armes of mine were wings,
And as he ſpake, vpon the waues hee ſprings,
Neptune was angry rhat hee gaue no eare,
And in his heart reuenging malice bare:
He flung at him his mace, but as it went,
He cal'd it in, for loue made him repent.
The mace returning backe, his owne hand hit
As meaning to be veng'd for darting it.
When this freſh bleeding wound *Leander* viewd
His colour went and came, as if he rewd
The griefe which *Neptune* felt. In gentle breſts,
Relenting thoughts, remorſe and pitty reſts.
And who haue hard hearts, and obdurate minds,
But vicious, hare, braind, and illit'rat hindes?
The god ſeeing him with pitty to be moued,

Thereon concluded that he was beloued.
(Loue is too full offaith, too credulous,)
With folly and falſe hope deluding vs.
Wherefore *Leanders* fancy to ſurprize,
To the rich *Ocean* for gifts he flies.
Tis wiſdom to giue much, a gift preuailes,
When deepe perſwading oratorie failes.
By this, *Leander* being nëere the land,
Caſt downe his weery feet, and felt the ſand,
Breathleſſe albeit he were, he reſted not
Till to the ſolitarie tower he got:
And knockt, and cald, at which celeſtiall noiſe,
The longing heatt of *Hero* much more ioyes,
Then Nymphs & ſhepheards, whē the timbrel rings
Or crooked Dolphin when the Sailer ſings,
She ſtaide not for her robes, but ſtraight aroſe,
And drunke with gladneſſe, to the dore ſhe goes,
Where ſeeing a naked man, ſhe ſcriecht for feare
Such ſights as this to tender maids are rare,
And ran into the darke her ſelfe to hide,
Rich iewels in the darke are ſooneſt ſpide.
Vnto her was he led or rather drawne,
By thoſe white lims which ſparkled through the lawn
The neerer that he came, the more ſhe fled,
And ſeeking refuge, ſlipt into her bed,
Whereon *Leander* ſitting, thus began,
Through numming cold, all feeble, faint and wan,

If not for loue, yet loue for pitty sake,
Me in thy bed and maiden bosome take.
At least vouchsafe these armes some little roome,
Who hoping to imbrace thee, cheerely swome.
This head was beat with many a churlish billow
And therefore let it rest vpon thy pillow.
Herewith affrighted *Hero* shrunke away,
And in her luke-warme place *Leander* lay,
VVhose liuely heat like fire from heauen fet,
VVould animate grosse clay, and higher set
The drooping thoughts of base declining soules,
Then drerie *Mars* carowsing *Nectar* boules.
His hands he cast vpon her like a snare,
Shee ouercome with shame and sallow feare,
Like chast *Diana* when *Actæon* spide her,
Being sodainely betraide, diu'd down to hide her,
And as her siluer body downeward went,
VVith both her hands she made the bed a tent,
And in her owne mind thought her selfe secure,
Orecast with dim and darke forme couerture,
And now she lets him whisper in her eare,
Flatter, intreat, promise, protest and sweare,
Yet euer after as he greedily assaide
To touch those dainties, shee the *Harpey* playde,
And euery limb did as a Souldier stout,
Defend the fort, and keepe the foe-men out.
For though the rising yuorie mount he scald,

Which is with azure circling lines empal'd,
Much like a globe, (a globe may I tearme this,
By which loue sailes to regions full of blis?)
Yet there with *Sysiphus* he toilde in vaine,
Till gentle parlie did the truce obtaine.
She trembling stroue, this strife of hers (like that
Which made the world) another world begat,
Of vnknowne ioy. Treason was in her thought,
And cunningly to yeeld her selfe she sought.
Seeming not woon, yet woon shee was at length,
In such warres women vse but halfe their strength.
Leander now like *Theban Hercules*,
Entred the orchard of *Th'esperides*.
Whose fruit none rightly can describe but he
That puls or shakes it from the golden tree.
Wherein *Leander* on her quiuering breast,
Breathlesse, spoke some thing, and sigh'd out the rest,
Which so preuail'd, as he with small adoe
Inclos'd her in his armes, and kist her too,
And euery kisse to her was as a charme,
And to *Leander* as a fresh alarme.
So that the truce was broke, and she alas,
(Poore silly maiden) at his mercy was.
Loue is not full of pitty (as men say)
But deafe and cruell where he meanes to pray.
Euen as a bird, which in our hands we wring,
Forth plungeth, and oft flutters with her wing.

And now she wisht this night were neuer done
And sigh'd to thinke vpon th'approching sunne,
For much it griev'd her that the bright day-light,
Should know the pleasure of this blessed night.
And then like *Mars* and *Ericine* displayed,
Both in each others armes chaind as they layd.
Againe, she knew not how to frame her looke,
Or speake to him, who in a moment tooke
That which so long so charily she kept,
And faine by stealth away she would haue crept,
And to some corner secretly haue gone,
Leauing *Leander* in the bed alone.
But as her naked feet were whipping out,
He on the suddaine cling'd her so about,
That Meremaid-like vnto the floore she slid,
One halfe appear'd, the other halfe was hid.
Thus neere the bed, she blushing stood vpright,
And from her countenance he hold yee might
A kind of twi-light breake, which through the heare,
As from an orient cloud, glymse here and there.
And round about the chamber this false morne,
Brought forth the day before the day was borne.
So *Heros* ruddie cheeke, *Hero* betraid,
And her all naked to his sight displaide.
VVhence his admiring eyes more pleasure tooke,
Than *Dis*, on heapes of gold fixing his looke.
By this *Apollos* golden harpe began,

To ſound forth muſicke to the *Ocean*,
Which watchfull *Heſperus* no ſooner heard,
But he the day bright-bearing Car prepar'd,
And ran before, as Harbenger of light,
And with his flaring beames mock't ougly night,
Till ſhe o'recome with anguiſh, ſhame and rage,
Dang'd downe to hell her loathſome carriage.

The end of the ſecond Seſtyad.

The Argument of the third Seſtyad.

Leander *to the enaious light*
Reſignes his night ſports with the night,
And ſwims the Helleſpont *againe,*
Theſme *the deitie ſouer aigne*
Of cuſtoms and religiouorites.
Appeares, improuing his delites,
Since Nuptiall honors he neglected,
Which ſtraight he vowes ſhall be effected.
Faire Hero *left Deuirginate,*
Waies, and with fury wailes her ſtate:
But with her loue and womans wit,
She argues, and approueth it.

NEw light giues new directions, Fortunes new
fashion our endeauors that enſue,

More harsh (at least more hard) more graue and hie,
Our subiect runs, and our sterne *Muse* must flie,
Loues edge is taken off, and that light flame.
Those thoughts, ioyes, longiugs, that before became,
High vnexperienst blood, and made sharpe plights,
Must now grow staid, and censure the delights,
That being enioyde aske iudgement, now we praise,
As hauing parted: Euenings crowne the dayes.
And now ye wanton loues, and young desires,
Pied vanity, the mint of strange Attires,
Ye lisping Flatteries, and obsequious glances,
Relentfull Musickes, and attractiue dances,
And you detested Charmes constraining loue,
Shun loues stolne sports, by that these Louers proue.
By this the Soueraigne of *Heauens* golden fires,
And young *Leander* Lord of his desires,
Together from their louers armes arose,
Leander into *Hellespontus* throwes,
His *Hero*-handled body, whose delight
Made him disdaine each other Epethite.
And as amidst the enamoured waues he swims,
The god of gold of purpose guilt his lims,
That this word guilt including double sence,
The double guilt of his *Incontinence*,
Might be expresst, that had no stay t'imploy
The treasure which the Loue-god let him ioy
In his deare *Hero*, with such sacred thrift,

As had beſeemd ſo ſanctified a gift,
But like a greedie vulgar Prodigall,
Would on the ſtocke diſpend, and rudely fall
Before his time, to that vnbleſſed bleſsing,
Which for luſts plague doth periſh with poſſeſsing.
Ioy grauen in ſenſe, like ſnow in water waſts,
Without preſerue of vertue nothing laſts.
What man is he that with a wealthie eye
Enioyes a beauty richer then the skie.
Through whoſe white skin, ſofter then the ſoundeſt
With damask eyes the rubie blood doth peep, (ſleep,
And runs in branches through her azure vaines,
Whoſe mixture and firſt firē his loue attaines,
VVhoſe both hands limit, both Loues deities,
And ſweeten humane thoughts like Paradiſe,
Whoſe diſpoſition ſilken is and kind,
Directed with an earth exempted mind,
Who thinks not heauen with ſuch a loue is giuen?
And who like earth would ſpend that power of heauē
With ranke deſire to ioy it all at firſt?
What ſimply kils our hunger, quencheth thirſt,
Clothes but our nakedneſſe, and makes vs liue,
Praiſe doth no: any of her fauours giue.
But what doth plentifully miniſter
Beauteous apparell, and delitious cheere,
So ordered, that it ſtill excites deſire
And ſtill giues pleaſure freeneſſe to aſpire

The palme of *Bounty*, euer moist preseruing,
To loues sweet life, this is the courtly caruing.
Thus *Time*, and all-states-ordering *Ceremonie*
Had banisht all offence: *Times* golden *Thie*
Vpholds the flowrie body of the earth
In sacred harmony, and euery birth
Of men, and actions makes legitimate
Being vsde aright, *The vse of time is fate.*
Yet did the gentle flood transfer once more,
This prize of Loue home to his fathers shore,
Where he vnlades himselfe of that false welth
That makes few rich, treasures compolde by stealth,
And to his sister kind *Hermione*,
(VVho on the shore kneeld, praying to the sea
For his returne) he all Loues goods did shew
In *Hero* sealde for him, in him for *Hero*.
His most kind sister all his secrets knew,
And to her singing like a shower he flew,
Sprinkling the earth that to their tombes tooke in
Streames dead for loue, to leaue his yuory skin,
Which yet a snowie some did leaue aboue
As soule to the dead water that did loue,
And from thence did the first white Roses spring,
(For loue is sweet and faire in euery thing)
And all the sweetned shore as he did goe,
Was crown'd with odrous roses white as snow.
Loue-blest *Leander* was with loue so filled,

That loue to all that touch't him he inſtilled.
And as the colours of all things wee ſee,
To our ſights powers communicated be,
So to all obiects that in compaſſe came,
Of any ſenſe he had, his ſenſes flame
Flow'd from his parts, with force ſo virtuall,
It fir'd with ſenſe things meere inſenſuall.
Now (with warme baths and odours comforted)
When he lay downe, he kindly kiſt his bed,
As conſecrating it to *Heroes* right,
And vow'd thereafter, that whatcuer ſight
Put him in mind of *Hero* or her bliſſe,
Should be her altar to prefer a kiſſe.
Then laid he forth his late inriched armes,
In whoſe white circle Loue writ all his charmes,
And made his characters ſweet *Heroes* lims,
When on his breaſts warme ſea ſhe ſideling ſwims,
And as thoſe armes (held vp in circle) met,
He ſaid, ſee ſiſter *Heroes* Carquenet,
Which ſhe had rather weare about her necke,
Then all the iewels that doth *Iuno* decke.
But as ſhe ſhooke with paſſionate deſire,
To put inflame his other ſecret fire,
A muſicke ſo diuine, did pierce his eare,
As neuer yet his rauiſht ſenſe hid heare,
When ſuddenly a light of twenty hews,
[illegible] through the roof, & like the Rainbow vies

Amaz'd *Leander*, in whose beames came downe
The goddesse *Ceremonie* with a Crowne,
Of all the stars, and heauen with her descended,
Her flaming haire to her bright feet extended,
By which hung all the bench of Deities,
And in a chaine compact of eares and eyes.
She led Religion, all her body was
Cleere and transparent as the purest glasse,
For she was all presented to the sence,
Deuotion, Order, State and Reuerence,
Her shadowes were, Society, Memory,
All which her sight made liue, her absence die.
A rich disparent Pentacle she weares,
Drawne full of circles, and strange characters,
Her face was changeable to euery eye,
One way look'd ill, another gratiously,
Which while men viewed, they cheerful were & holy,
But looking off, vicious and melancholy,
The snakie paths, to each obserued law,
Did *Policie* in her broad bosome draw,
One hand a Mathematicke Christall swayes,
Which gathering in one line a thousand rayes
From her bright eyes, *Confusion* burnes to death,
And all estates of men distinguisheth.
By it *Moralitie* and *Comelinesse*,
Themselues in all their sightly figures dresse,
Her other hand a lawrell rod applies,

To beat backe *Barbariſme* and *Auarice*,
That followed eating earth and excrement,
And humane lims, and would make proud aſſent
To ſeates of Gods, were *Ceremonie* ſlaine,
The *Howrs* and *Graces* bore her glorious traine,
And all the ſweets of our ſocietie,
Were ſpherde and treaſurde in her bounteous eye.
Thus ſhe appearde, and ſharpely did reproue
Leanders bluntneſſe in his violent loue,
Told him how poore was ſubſtance without rites,
Like bils vnſignde, deſires without delites,
Like meates vnſeaſon'd, like ranke corne that grows
On cottages, that none or reapes or ſowes,
Not being with ciuill formes confirm'd and bounded
For humane dignities and comforts founded,
But looſe and ſecret all their glories hide,
Feare fils the chamber, darkneſſe deckes the Bride.
She vaniſht, leauing pierſt *Leanders* heart
With ſence of his vnceremonious part,
In which with plaine neglect of Nuptiall rites,
He cloſe and ſtarly fell to his delites:
And inſtantly he vowde to celebrate
All rites pertaining to his married ſtate.
So vp he gets, and to his father goes,
To whoſe glad eares he doth his vowes diſcloſe,
The Nuptials are reſolu'd with vtmoſt powre,
He at night would ſwim to *Heroes* towre,

From whence he meant to *Sestos* forked Bay
To bring her couertly, where ſhips muſt ſtay,
Sent by her father throughly rigde and mand,
To waft her ſafely to *Abydus* ſtrand.
There leaue we him, and with freſh wing purſue,
Aſtoniſht *Hero*, whoſe moſt wiſhed view
I thus long haue forborne, becauſe I left her,
So out of countnance, and her ſpirits bereft her.
To looke of one abaſht is impudence,
When of ſlight faults he hath too deepe a ſence.
Her bluſhing het her chamber, ſhee lookt out,
And all the aire ſhe purpled round about,
And after it a foule blacke day befell,
Which euer ſince a red morne doth foretell,
And ſtill renues our woes for *Heroes* woe,
And foule it prou'd, becauſe it figur'd ſo,
The next nights horror, which prepare to heare.
I faile, if it prophane your daintieſt eare.
Then how moſt ſtrangely, intellectuall fire,
That proper to my ſoule haſt power t'inſpire
Her burning faculties, and with the wings
Of thy vnſpheared flame viſitſt the ſprings
Of ſpirits immortall, Now (as ſwift as time,
Doth follow Motion) find th'eternall clime
Of his free ſoule, whoſe liuing ſubiect ſtood
Vp to the chin in the Pyrean ſtood,
And drunke to me halfe this Muſean ſto[illegible]

Inſcribing it to deathleſſe memory,
Confer with it, and make my pledge as deepe,
That neithers draught be conſecrate to ſleepe,
Tell it how much his late deſires I tender,
(If yet it know not) and to delight ſurrender
My ſoules darke offſpring, willing it ſhould die
To loues, to paſsions, and ſocietie.
Sweet *Hero* left vpon her bed alone,
Her maidenhead, her vowes, *Leander* gone,
And nothing with her but a violent crew
Of new come thoughts, that yet ſhe neuer knew,
Euen to her ſelfe a ſtranger, was much like
Th'*Iberian* Citie that wars hand did ſtrike
By Engliſh force in princely *Eſſex* guide,
When peace aſſur'd her towers had fortifide,
And golden-fingred *Indea* had beſtowd,
Such wealth on her, that ſtrength and Empire flowde
Into her turrets, and her virgin waſte,
The wealthie girdle of the ſea imbraſte,
Till our *Leander* that made *Mars* his *Cupid*.
For ſoft loue ſutes, with yron thunders chid:
Swum to her townes, diſſolu'd her virgins zone,
Lead in his power, and made Confuſion
Run through her ſtreets amaz'd, that ſhe ſuppoſde
She had not been in her owne wals incloſde,
But rapt by wonder to ſome forraine ſtate,
[illegible]ll her iſſue ſo diſconſolate,

And all her peaceſull manſions poſſeſt,
With wars iuſt ſpoile, and many a forraine gueſt
From euery corner driuing an enioyer,
Supplying it with power of a deſtroyer.
So far'd faire *Hero* in th'expugned fort
Of her chaſte boſome, and of euery ſort
Strange thoughts poſſeſt her, ranſaking her breſt,
For that that was not there, her wonted reſt.
She was a mother ſtraight, and bore with paine,
Thoughts that ſpake ſtraight, and wiſht their mother
She hates their liues, & they their own & hers, (ſlaine
Such ſtrife ſtill growes where ſinne the race preferres.
Loue is a golden bubble full of dreames,
That waking breakes, and fils vs with extreames.
She muſde how ſhe could looke vpon her ſire,
And not ſhew that without, that was intire.
For as a glaſſe is an inanimate eye,
And outward formes imbraceth inwardly;
So is the eye an animate glaſſe that ſhowes,
In-formes without vs. And as *Phœbus* throwes,
His beames abroad, though he in cloudes be cloſde,
Still glancing by them, till he finde oppoſde,
A looſe and rorid vapour, that is fit
T'euent his ſearching beames, and vſeth it
To forme a tender twentie coloured eye,
Caſt in a circle round about the skie.
So when our fiery ſoule, our bodies ſtam

(That euer is in motion circular)
Conceiues a forme, in seeking to display it,
Through all our cloudie parts, it doth conuey it
Forth at the eye, as the most pregnant place,
And that reflects it round about the face.
And this euent vncourtly *Hero* thought,
Her inward guilt would in her looks haue wrought,
For yet the worlds stale cunning she resisted
To beare foule thoughts, yet forge what looks she li-
And held it for a very silly sleight, (sted,
To make a perfect mettall counterfeit,
Glad to disclaime her selfe, proud of an Art,
That makes the face a Pandar to the heart,
Those be his painted Moones, whose lights prophane
Beauties true heauen, at full still in their waine.
Those be the lapwing faces that still crie,
Here t'is, when that they vow is nothing nie.
Base fooles, when euery moorish foole can teach
That which men thinke the height of humane reach.
But custome that the Apoplexie is,
Of beddred nature, and liues led amis.
And takes away all feeling of offence,
Yet brazde not *Heroes* brow with impudence,
And this she thought most hard to bring to pas,
To seeme in countnance other then she was,
As if shee had two soules, one for the face,
[illegible] for the heart, and that they shifted place

As either liſt to vtter or conceale
What they conceiu'd, or as one ſoule did deale
With both affaires at once, keepes and ejects
Both at an inſtant contrarie effects,
Retention and ejection in her powrs
Beings acts alike, for this one vice of ours,
That forms the thought, and ſwaies the countenance
Rules both our motion and our vtterance.
These and more graue conceites toild *Heros* ſpirits,
For though the light of her diſcourſiue wits,
Perhaps might finde ſome little hole to paſſe
Through all theſe worldly cinctures, yet (alas)
There was a heauenly flame incompaſt her,
Her Goddeſſe, in whoſe Phane ſhe did preferre
Her virgin vowes, from whoſe impulſiue ſight,
She knew the blacke ſhield of the darkeſt night,
Could not defend her, nor wits ſubtilſt art,
This was the point pierſt *Hero* to the hart,
Who heauy to the death, with a deepe ſigh
And hand that languiſht, tooke a robe was nigh
Exceeding large, and of blacke Cypres made,
In which ſhe ſate, had from the day in ſhade,
Euen ouer head and face downe to her feet,
Her left hand made it at her boſome meet,
Her right hand leand on her hart bowing knee,
VVrapt in vnſhapefull foulds, was death to ſee
Her knee ſtaid that, and that her falling face,

Each him helpt other to put on disgrace.
No forme was seene, where forme held all her sight,
But like an Embrion that saw neuer light,
Or like a scorched statue made a cole
With three-wingd lightning, or a wretchëd soule
Muffled with endlesse darknes, shee did sit,
The night had neuer such a heauie spirit.
Yet might an imitating eye well see,
How fast her cleare teares melted on her knee,
Through her blacke vaile, and turnd as blacke as it,
Mourning to be her teares, then wrought her wit,
With her broke vow, her Goddesse wrath, her fame,
All tooles that enginous despaire could frame,
Which made her strow the floore with her torn haire,
And spread her mantle peece-meale in the aire,
Like *Ioues* sons club, strong passion strooke her down,
And with a pittious shrieke inforst her swoune,
Her shrieke, made with another shrieke ascend
The frighted Matron that on her did tend,
And as with her owne crie, her sense was slaine,
So with the other it was calde againe.
She rose, and to her bed made forced way,
And laid her down, euen where *Leander* lay:
And all this while the red sea of her blood
Eb'd with *Leander*, but now turn'd the flood,
And all her fleet of spirits came swelling in
With child of saile, and did hot fight begin,

With thoſe ſeuere conceites, ſhee too much markt,
And here *Leanders* beauties were imbarkt.
He came in ſwimming painted all with ioyes,
Such as might ſweeten hell, his thought deſtroyes,
All her deſtroying thoughts, ſhe thought ſhe ſe lt,
His heart in hers, with her contentions melt,
And chid her ſoule that it could ſo much erre,
To checke the true ioyes he deſeru,d in her,
Her freſh heat blood caſt figures in her eyes,
And ſhe ſuppos'd ſhee ſaw in *Neptunes* skies,
How her ſtarre wandred, waſht in ſmarting brine,
For her Loues ſake, that with immortall wine,
Should be embath'd, and ſwim in more hearts eaſe,
*T*han there was water in the Seſtian ſeas,
Then ſaid her *Cupid* prompted ſpirit, ſhall I,
Sing mones to ſuch delightſome harmonie?
Shall ſlicke-tongde fame patcht vp with voyces rude,
The drunken baſtard of the multitude,
(Begot when father iudgement is away,
And goſsip-like, ſaies becauſe others ſay,
*T*ake newes, as if it were too hot to eate,
And ſpits it ſlauering forth for dog-fees meat,)
Make me for forging a phantaſtike vow,
Preſume to beare what makes graue matrons bow
Good vowes are neuer broken with good deeds,
For then good deeds were bad, vowes arebut ſeeds,
And good deeds fruits, euẽ thoſe good deeds that grow

From other ſtocks, then from th'odſerued vow.
That is a good deed that preuents a bad,
Had I not yeelded, ſlaine my ſelfe I had.
Hero Leander is, *Leander Hero*,
Such vertue loue harh to make one of two.
If then *Leander* did my maidenhead git,
Leander being my ſelfe, I ſtill retaine it.
We break chaſte vowes when we liue looſely euer,
But bound as wee are, we liue looſely neuer.
Two conſtant Louers being ioind in one,
Yeelding to one another, yeeld to none.
We know not how to vow, till loue vnblind vs,
And vowes made ignorantly neuer bind vs.
Too true it is, that when t'is gone, men hate
The ioyes as vaine they tooke in loues eſtate,
But thar's, ſince they haue loſt, the heauenly light
Should ſhew them way to iudge of all things right.
VVhen life is gone, death muſt implant his terr or,
As death is foe to life, ſo loue to error,
Before we loue, how range we through this ſphere,
Searching the ſundry fancies hunted here,
Now with deſire of wealth tranſported quite
Beyond our free humanities delight,
Now with ambition climing falling towrs,
VVhoſe hope to ſcale, our feare to fal deuoures,
Now rapt with paſtimes, pompe, all ioyes impure,
In things without vs, no delight is ſure.

But loue with all ioyes crownd, within dorh ſit,
O goddeſſe pitty, loue and pardon it.
This ſpake hee weeping, but her Goddeſſe eare
Burnd with too ſterne a heat, and would not heare.
Aye me, hath heauens ſtraight fingers no more graces
For ſuch *Hero*, then for homelieſt faces?
Yet ſhe hopte well, and in her ſweet conceit
Waying her arguments, ſhe thought them weight,
And that the Logicke of *Leanders* beauty,
And them together would bring proofes of duty.
And if her ſoule that was a skilfull glance
Of heauens greateſſence, found ſuch imperance,
In her loues beauties, ſhe had confidence.
Ioue lou'd him too, and pardond her offence.
Beauty in heauen and earth this grace doth win,
It ſupples rigor, and it leſſens ſinne.
Thus her ſharpe wit, her loue, her ſecreſie,
Trouping together, made her wonder why
Shee ſhould not leaue her bed, and to the temple?
Her health, ſaid ſhe muſt liue, her ſex diſſemble,
Se viewd *Leanders* place, and wiſht he were,
Turn'd to his place, ſo his place were *Leander*.
Aye me (ſaid ſhe) that loues ſweet loue and ſenſe
Should doe it harme, my loue hath not gone hence,
Had he beene like his place. O bleſſed place,
Image of Conſtancy. Thus my loues grace
Parts no where, but it leaues ſomething behind

VVorth obſeruation: he renownes his kind,
His motion is like heauens Orbiculer,
For where he once is, he is euer there.
This place was mine, *Leander* now 't is thine,
Thou being my ſelfe, then it is double mine,
Mine, and *Leanders* mine, *Leanders* mine.
O ſee what wealth it yeelds me, nay yeelds him,
For I am in it, he for me doth ſwim.
Rich fruitfull loue, that doubling ſelfe eſtates,
Elixer-like contracts, though ſeparates.
Deare place I kiſſe thee, and doe welcome thee,
As from *Leander* euer ſent to me.

The end of the third Seſtyad.

The Argument of the fourth Seſtyad.

Hero *in ſacred habit deckt,*
Doth priuate ſacrifice effect.
Her skarfes deſcription wrought by fate,
Oſtents *that threaten her eſtate.*
The ſtrange yet Phyſicall euents,
Leanders *counterfeit preſents.*
In thunder, Ciprides *deſcends,*
Preſaging both the louers ends.
Ecte *the Goddeſſe of remorſe,*

With Vocall and articulate force
Inspires Leucote, *Venus swan,*
T'excuse the beuteous Sestian.
Venus, *to wreake her rites abuses,*
Creates the monster Eronosus;
Inflaming Heroes *sacrifice,*
With lightning darted from her eyes,
And thereof springs the painted beast,
That euer since taints euery breast.

NOw from *Leanders* place she rose, and found
Her haire & rent robe scattered on the ground,
Which taking vp, she euery peece did lay
Vpon an Altar, wherein youth of day
She vsde t'exhibite priuate sacrifice:
Those would shee offer to the Deities
Of her faire Goddesse, and her powerfull sonne,
As relicks of her late felt pasion,
And in that holy sort she vow'd to end them,
In hope her violent fancies that did rend them,
Would as quite fade in her loues holy fire,
As they should in the flames she meant t'inspire.
Then put she on all her religious weeds,
That deckt her in her secret sacred deeds,
A crowne of Isickles, that sunne not fire
Could euer melt, and figur'd chaste desire.
A golden starre shinde in her naked breast,
In honour of the Queen-light of the East.
In her right hand she held a siluer wand,

On whose bright top *Peristera* did stand,
Who was a Nymph, but now transformd a Doue,
And in her life was deare in *Venus* loue:
And for her sake she euer since that time,
Chus'd doues to draw her coach, throgh heauēs blew
Her plenteous haire in curled billowes swims (clime
On her bright shoulder, her harmonious lims,
Sustaind no more but a most subtle vaile
That hung on them, as it durst not assaile
Their different concord: for the weakest aire
Could raise it swelling from her beauteous faire,
Nor did it couer, but adumbrate onely
Her most heart piercing parts, that a blest eye,
Might see (as it did shadow) fearēfully,
All that all-loue-deseruing Paradise,
It was as blew as the most freezing skies,
Neare the seas hew, from thence her Goddesse came,
On it a skarke she wore of wondrous frame,
In midst whereof she wrought a virgins face,
From whose each cheeke a fiery blush did chase
Two crimson flames, that did two wayes extend,
Spreading the ample skarfe to either end,
Which figur'd the diuision of her mind,
Whiles yet she rested bashully inclinde,
And stood not resolute to wed *Leander*.
This seru'd her white necke for a purple sphere,
And cast it selfe at full breadth downe her backe.

There (since the first breath that begun the wracke
Of her free quiet from *Leanders* lips)
She wrought a Sea in one flame full of ships,
But that one ship where all her wealth did passe,
(Like simple Merchants goods) *Leander* was,
For in that Sea she naked figured him,
Her diuing needle taught him how to swim,
And to each threed did such resemblance giue,
For ioy to bee so like him, it did liue:
Things senseless liue by Art, and rationall die,
By rude contempt of art and industrie.
Scarce could she worke, but in her strength of thoght,
She feard she prickt *Leander* as she wrought,
And oft would shrieke so, that her Guardian frighted,
VVould staring haste, as with some mischiefe cited.
Thy double life that dead things griefe sustaine,
They kill that feele not their friends liuing paine.
Sometimes she feard he sought her infamy,
And then as she was working of his eye,
She thought to pricke it out to quench her ill,
But as she prickt, it grew more perfect still.
Trifling attempts no serious acts aduance,
The fire of loue is blowne by dalliance.
In working his faire necke she did so grace it,
She still was working her owne armes t'imbrace it,
That, and his shoulders, and his hands were seene,
Aboue the streame, and with a pure Sea greene

Shee did ſo queintly ſhadow euery lim,
All might be ſeene beneath the waues to ſwim.
In this conceited skarfe ſhe wrought beſide
A Moone in change, and ſhooting ſtars did glide,
In number after her with bloody beames,
Which figur'd her affects in their extreames.
Purſuing nature in her Cynthian body,
And did her thoughts running on change implie,
For maids take more delights when they prepare
And think of wiues ſtates, then when wiues they are.
Beneath all theſe, ſhe wrought a Fiſherman,
Drawing his nets from forth that Ocean,
Who drew ſo hard, yee might diſcouer well,
The toughned ſinewes in his necke did ſwell,
His inward ſtraines draue out his blood-ſhot eyes,
And ſprings of ſweat did in his forehead riſe,
Yet was of nought, but of a Serpent ſped,
That in his boſome flew, and flung him dead,
And this by fate into her mind was ſent,
Not wrought by meere inſtinct of her intent.
At the skarfs other end her hand did frame,
Neere the forke point of the diuided flame,
A Country virgin keeping of a vine,
VVho did of hollow bulruſhes combine,
[illegible]nares for the ſtubble-louing Graſhopper,
[illegible]d by her lay her skrip that nouriſht her.
[illegible]n a myrtle ſhade ſhe ſate and ſung,

And tufts of wauering reeds about her ſprung,
Where lurkt two foxes, that while ſhe applide
Her trifling ſnares, their theeueries did diuide,
One to the vine, another to her skrip,
That ſhe did negligently ouerſlip,
By which her fruitfull vine, and wholeſome fare,
She ſuffered ſpoild to make a childiſh ſnare:
These ominous fancies did her ſoule expreſſe,
And euery finger made a Propheteſſe,
To ſhew what death was hid in loues diſguiſe,
And make her iudgement conquer Deſtinies.
O what ſweet formes faire Ladies ſoules doe ſhroud,
Were they made ſeene and forced through their blood
If through their beauties like rich work throgh lawn,
They would ſet forth their minds with vertues drawn
In letting graces from their fingers flie,
To ſtill their yas thoughts with induſtry,
That their plied wits in numbred ſilks might ſing
Paſſions huge conqueſt, and their needles leading
Affection priſoner through their own built Cities,
Pinniond with ſtories and Arachnean ditties.
Proceed wee now with *Heroes* ſacrifice,
She odours burne, and from their ſmoake did riſe
Vnſauory fumes, that ayre with plagues inſpired,
And then the conſecrated ſticks ſhe fired,
On whoſe pale flame an angrie ſpirit flew,
And beat it down ſtill as it vpward grew.

The virgin tapers that on th'alter stood,
When she inflam'd them, burn'd as blood,
All sad ostents of that too neere successe,
That made such mouing beauties motionlesse,
Then *Hero* wept, but her affrighted eyes,
She quickly wrested from the sacrifice,
Shut them, and inwards for *Leander* lookt,
Searcht her soft bosome, and from thence she pluckt,
His louely picture, which when she had viewd,
Her beauties were with all loues ioyes renewd.
The odors sweetned, and the fires burnd cleare,
Leanders forme left no ill obiect there,
Such was his beauty that the force of light,
VVhose knowledge teacheth wonders infinite.
The strength of number and proportion,
Nature had placde in it to make it known.
Art was her daughter, and what humane wits,
For study lost, intomb'd in drossie spirits,
After this accident (which for her glory
Hero could not but make a history)
Th'inhabitants of *Sestus* and *Abydus*,
Did euery yeere with feasts propitious
To faire *Leanders* picture sacrifice,
And they were persons of especiall prize,
That were allowd it, as an ornament
Tinrich their houses, for the continent
Of the strange vertues all approu'd it held,

For euen the very looke of it repeld
All blastings, witchcrafts, and the strifes of nature,
In those diseases that no hearbs could cure.
The woolfie sting of auarice it would pull,
And make the rankest miser bountifull,
It kild the feare of thunder, and of death,
The discords that conceits ingendreth,
Twixt man and wife, it for the time would cease,
The flames of loue it quencht, and would increase,
*H*eld in a *P*rinces hand, it would put out
*T*he dreadfulst Comet, it would ease all doubt
Of threatned mischieses, it would bring a sleepe,
Such as were mad, it would inforce to weepe
Most barbarous eyes, and many more effects
This picture wrought, and sprung *Leandrean* sects,
Of which was *Hero* first, For he whose forme
(Held in her hand) cleer'd such a fatall storme,
From hell shee thought his person would defend her,
Which night and *Hellespont* would quickly send her
With this confirm'd, she vowde to banish quite
All thought of any checke to her delite
And in contempt of silly bashfulnesse
She would the faith of her desires professe,
Where her Religion should be policie,
To follow loue with zeale, her pietie,
Her Chamber her Cathedrall Church should be,
And her *Leander* her chiefe Deitie.

For in her loue theſe did the Gods forgoe,
And though her knowledge did not teach her ſo,
Yet did it teach her this, that what her heart
Did greateſt hold in her ſelfe greateſt part,
That ſhe did make her god, and t'was leſſe nought,
To leaue gods in profeſsion, and in thought,
Than in her loue and life, for therein lies
Moſt of her duties, and their dignities,
And raile the braine-bald world at what it will,
Thats the grand Atheiſme that raignes in it ſtill.
Yet ſingularity ſhe would vſe no more,
For ſhee was ſingular too much before,
But ſhe would pleaſe the world with faire pretext,
Loue would not leaue her conſcience perplext,
Great men that will haue leſſe doe for them ſtill,
Muſt beare them oùt though th'acts be neere ſo ill.
Meannes muſt Pander be to Excellency,
Pleaſure attones Falſhood and Conſcience,
Diſſembling was the worſt (thought *Hero* then)
And that was beſt now ſhe muſt liue with men,
O vertuous loue that taught her to doe beſt,
When ſhe did worſt, and when ſhe thought it leſt.
Thus would ſhee ſtill proceed in works diuine,
And in her ſacred ſtate of prieſthood ſhine,
Handling the holy rites, with hands as bold,
As if therein ſhe did *Ioues* thunder hold,
[illegible]ed not feare thoſe menaces of error,

Which she at others threw with greatest terror,
O louely *Hero*, nothing is thy sinne,
VVaid with those foule faults other Priests are in,
That hauing neither faiths, nor works, nor bewties,
T'engender any sense for slubberd duties,
VVith as much countnance fill their holy chaires,
And sweat denouncements gainst prophane affaires,
As if their liues were cut out by their places,
And they the onely fathers of the graces.
Now as with setled mind she did repaire
Her thoughts to sacrifice, her rauisht haire
And her torne robe which on the altar lay,
And onely for Religions fire did stay,
She heard a thunder by the Cyclods beaten,
In such a valley as the world did threaten,
Giuen *Venus* as she parted th'ayrie spheare,
Discending now to chide with *Hero* here,
VVhen suddenly the Goddesse waggoners,
The Swans and Turtles that in coupled pheres,
Through all worlds bosomes draw her influence
Lighted in *Heros* window, and from thence
*T*o her faire shoulders flew the gentle Doues,
Gracefull *Ædone* that sweet pleasure loues,
And ruffoot *Chreste* with the tufted crowne,
Both which did kisse her, thogh their goddesse frow
The Swans did in the solid floud her glasse
Proine their plumes, of which the faireſt was,

Ione-lou'd *Leucote*, that pure brightnes is,
The other bounty-louing *Dapſilis*.
All were in heauen, now they with *Hero* were,
But *Venus* lookes brought wrath, and vrged feare.
Her robe was skarlet, blacke her heads attire,
And through her naked breaſt ſhinde ſtreames of fire,
As when the rarified aire is driuen
In flaſhing ſtreames, and opes the darkned heauen.
In her white hand a wreath of yew ſhee bore,
And breaking thi'cie wreath ſweet *Hero* wore,
She forſt about her browes her wreath of yew,
And ſaid, now minion to thy fate be true,
Though not to me, indure what this portends,
Beginne where lightnes will, in ſhame it ends.
Loue makes thee cunning, thou art currant now,
By being counterfeit, thy broken vow,
Deceit with her pide garters muſt reioine,
And with her ſtampe thou countenances muſt coine,
Coynes, and pure deceites for purities,
And ſtill a maide wilt ſeeme in coſoned eyes,
And haue an anticke face to laugh within,
While thy ſmooth lookes maks men digeſt thy ſinne.
But ſince thy lips (leſt thought ſorſworne) forſwore,
Be neuer virgins vow with truſting more.
When Beauties deareſt did her Goddeſſe heare,
Breath ſuch rebukes gainſt that ſhe could not cleare,
Dumbe ſorrow ſpake alowd in teares and blood,

That from her griefe burſt vaines in pitteous flood,
From the ſweet couduits of her ſauor fell,
The gentle Turtles did with mones make ſwell
Their ſhining gorges, the white blacke-eyde Swans
Did ſing as wofull Epicedians.
As they would ſtraightwaies die, when pitties Queen
The Goddeſſe *Eate*, that had euer beene
Hid in a watry cloud neere *Heroes* cries,
Since the firſt inſtant of her broken eyes,
Gaue bright *Leucote* voice, and made her ſpeake,
To eaſe her anguiſh, whoſe ſwoln breaſt did breake
With anger at her Goddeſſe, that did touch
Hero ſo neere for that ſhe vſde ſo much
And thruſting her white necke at *Venus*, ſaid,
Why may not amorous *Hero* ſeeme a maid
Though ſhee be none, as well as you ſuppreſſe,
In modeſt cheekes your inward wantonneſſe?
How often haue wee drawne you from aboue,
T'exchange with mortals, rites for rites in loue?
Why in your Prieſt then call you that offence,
That ſhines in you, and is your influence?
With this the furies ſtopt *Leucotes* lips,
Enioind by *Venus*, who with roſie whips
Beate the kind Bird, Fierce lightning from her eye
Did ſet on fire faire *Heroes* ſacrifice,
Which was her torne robe, and inforced haire,
And the bright flame became a maide moſt faire

For her aſpect, her treſſes were of wire,
Knit like a net, where hearts all ſet on fire,
Strugled in pants, and could not get releaſt,
Her armes were all with golden pinſers dreſt,
And twenty faſhiond knots, pullies and brakes,
And all her body girdled with painted ſnakes.
Her downe parts in a Scorpions taile combinde,
Freckled with twenty colours, pyed wings ſhinde
Out of her ſhoulders, Cloth had neuer die,
Nor ſweeter colours neuer viewed eye,
In ſcorching *Turkie*, *Cares*, *Tartarie*,
Then ſhinde about this ſpirit notorious,
Nor was *Arachnes* web ſo glorious.
Of lightning and of ſhreds ſhe was begot,
More hold in baſe diſſemblers, is there not.
Her name was *Eronuſis*, *Venus* flew
From *Heroes* ſight, and at her Chariot drew,
This wondrous creature to ſo ſteepe a height,
That all the world ſhe might command with ſleight
Of her gay wings, and then ſhe bad her haſt,
Since *Hero* had diſſembled, and diſgraſt,
Her rites ſo much, and euery breaſt infect
With her deceits, ſhe made her Architect
Of all diſſimulation, and ſince then
Neuer was any truſt, in maids nor men.
O it ſpighted
Venus heart to ſee her moſt delighted,

And one she chusde for temper of her mind,
To be the onely ruler of her kind,
So soone to let her virgin race be ended,
Not simply for the fault a whit offended,
But that in strife for chastnes with the Moone,
Spitefull *Diana* bad her shew but one
That was her seruant vowed, and liu'd a maid,
And now she thought to answere that vpbraide,
Hero had lost her answere, who knowes not,
Venus would seeme as far from any spot
Of light demeanor, as the very skin
Twixt *Cynthias* browes, sin is asham'd of sin.
Vp *Venus* flew, and scarse durst vp for feare
Of *Phœbes* laughter, when she past her sphere,
And so most vgly clouded was the light
That day was hid in day, night came ere night,
And *Venus* could not through the thicke aire pierce,
Till the daies king, god of vndanted verse,
Because she was so plentifull a theame,
To such as wore his Lawrell *Anademe*,
Like to a fiery bullet made descent,
And from her passage those fat vapors rent,
That being not throughly rarefide to raine,
Melted like pitch as blew as any vaine,
And scalding tempests made the earth to shrinke
Vnder their feruor, and the world did thinke
In euery drop a torturing spirit flew,

It pierst so deepely, and it burnd so blew,
Betwixt all this and *Hero*, *Hero* held
Leanders picture as a Persian shield,
And she was free from feare of worst successe,
The more ill threates vs, we suspect the lesse,
As we grow hapleſſe, violence subtle growes,
Dumb, deafe & blind, & coms when no man knows.

The end of the fourth Sestyad.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The Argument of the fift Sestyad.

Day doubles her accustom'd date,
As loth the night, incenst by fate,
Should wracke our louers, Heroes *plight,*
Longs for Leander, *and the night,*
Which, ere her thirsty wish recouers,
She sends for two betrothed louers,
And marries them, that (with their crew
Their sports and ceremonies due)
She couertly might celebrate,
With secret ioy her own estate.
She makes a feast at which appeares
The wild Nymph Teras *that still beares,*
An Ivory Lute, tels ominous tales,
And sings at solemne festiuals.

Now was bright *Hero* weary of the day,

Thought an Olympiad in I
Sol, and the ſoft-foot *Howres* hung on his armes
And would not let him ſwim, foreſeeing his harmes:
That day *Aurora* double grace obtainde
Of her loue *Phœbus*, ſhe his horſes rainde,
Set on his golden knee, and as ſhe liſt
She puld him backe, and as ſhe puld, ſhe kiſt
To haue him turne to bed, he lou'd her more
To ſee the loue *Leander Hero* bore,
Examples profite much ten times in one,
In perſons full of note, good deeds are done.
Day was ſo long, men walking fell a ſleepe;
The heauy humors that their eyes did ſteepe,
Made them fear miſchiefs. The hard ſtreets were beds
For couetous churles, and for ambitious heads,
That ſpight of Nature would their buſineſſe ply.
All thought they had the falling *Epilepſie*,
Men groueld ſo vpon the ſmotherd ground,
And pitty did the heart of heauen confound:
The Gods, the Graces, and the Muſes came
Downe to the Deſtinies, to ſtay the frame
Of the true louers deaths, and all worlds teares,
But death before had ſtopt their cruell eares.
All the Celeſtials parted mourning then,
Pierſt with our humane miſeries, more then m
Ah, nothing doth the world with miſchiefe fill,
But want of feeling one anothers ill.
With their deſcent the day grew ſomething faire,

And caſt a brighter robe vpon the aire.
Hero to ſhorten time with merriment,
For young *Alcmane*, and bright *Mya* ſent,
Two louers that had long crau'd marriage dues
At *Heroes* hands; but ſhe did ſtill refuſe:
For louely *Mya* was her conſort vow'd
In her maid ſtate, and therefore not allow'd
To amorous nuptials: yet faire *Hero* now,
Intended to diſpence with her cold vow,
Since hers was broken, and to marry her:
The rites would pleaſing matter miniſter
To her conceits, and ſhorten tedious day.
They came; ſweet muſicke vſherd th'odorous way,
And wanton Ayre in twenty ſweet formes danſt
After her fingers; Beautie and Loue aduanſt
Their Enſignes in the downeleſſe roſie faces
Of youths and maids, led after by the Graces.
For all theſe, *Hero* made a friendly feaſt,
Welcom'd them kindly, did much loue proteſt,
Winning their hearts with all the meanes ſhe might,
That when her fault ſhould chance t'abide the light,
Their loues might couer or extenuate it,
And high in her worſt fate make pitie ſit.
She married them, and in the banquet came,
Borne by the Virgins: *Hero* ſtriu'd to frame
Her thoughts to mirth. Aye me, but hard it is
To imitate a falſe and forced blis:

Ill may a ſad minde forge a merry face,
Nor hath conſtrained laughter any grace.
Then laid ſhee wine on cares to make them ſinke;
Who feares the threats of fortune let him drinke.

To theſe quicke Nuptials entred ſuddenly,
Admired *Teras*, with the Ebon Thye,
A Nymph that haunted the greene *Seſtian* groues,
And would conſort ſoft virgins in their loues.
At gay ſome triumphs, and on ſolemne daies,
Singing prophetike Elegies and Layes:
And fingring of a ſiluer Lute ſhe tide
With blacke and purples skarfs by her left ſide.
Apollo gaue it, and her skill withall,
And ſhe was term'd his dwarfe ſhe was ſo ſmall,
Yet great in vertue, for his beames incloſ'd
His vertues in her, neuer was propoſ'd
Riddle to her, or augury, ſtrange or new,
But ſhe reſolu'd it, neuer ſleight tale flew
From her charm'd lips, without important ſence,
Shewne in ſome graue ſucceeding conſequence.

This little Siluane with her ſongs and tales,
Gaue ſuch eſtate to feaſts and Nuptials,
That though of trimes ſhe forewent tragedies,
Yet for her ſtrangeneſſe ſtill ſhe pleas'd her eies,
And for her ſmalneſſe they admir'd her ſo,
They thought her perfect borne, and could not gro

All eies were on her; *Hero* did command,

An Altar deckt with ſacred ſtate ſhould ſtand,
At the Feaſts vpper end, cloſe by the Bride,
On which the prety Nymph might ſit eſpide.
Then all were ſilent, euery one ſo heares,
As all their ſenſes climb'd into their eares,
And firſt this amorous tale that fitted well,
Faire *Hero* and the Nuptials ſhe did tell.

The tale of Teras

Hymen that now is god of Nuptiall rites,
And crownes with honour loue and his delights,
Of *Athens* was a youth ſo ſweet of face,
That many thought him of the female race,
Such quickning brightnes did his cleare eyes dart,
Warme went their beames to his beholders heart.
In ſuch pure leagues his beauties were combin'd,
That there your Nuptiall contracts firſt were ſign'd,
For as proportion white and crimſon meet
In beauties mixture, all right cleare, and ſweet
The eye reſponſible, the golden haire,
And none is held without the other, faire,
All ſpring together, all together fade,
Such intermixt affections ſhould inuade
Two perfect louers, which being yet vnſeene,
Their vertues and their comforts copied beene,
In beauties concord, ſubiect to the eye,
And that in *Hymen*, pleas'd ſo matchleſly,
The louers were eſteem'd in their full grace,

Like forme and colour mixt in *Hymens* face,
And ſuch ſweet concord was thought worthy then
Of torches, muſicke, feaſts, and greateſt men,
So *Hymen* lookt, that euen the chaſeſt mind,
He mou'd to ioyne in ioyes of ſacred kind,
For onely now his chins firſt downe conſorted
His heads rich fleece, in golden curles contorted,
And as he was ſo lou'd, he lou'd ſo too.
So ſhould beſt beauties, bound by Nuptials doo.
Bright *Eucharis*, who was by all men ſaid
The nobleſt, faireſt, and the richeſt maid
Of all th' *Athenian* damſels, *Hymen* lou'd,
With ſuch tranſmiſsion, that his heart remou'd
From his white breaſt to hers, but her eſtate,
In paſsing is, was ſo interminate.
For wealth and honour, that his loue durſt feed,
On nought but ſight and hearing, nor could breed
Hope of requitall, the grand prize of loue,
Nor could he heare or ſee, but he muſt proue,
How his rare beauties muſicke would agree
With maids in conſort, therefore robbed he
His chin of thoſe ſame few firſt fruits it bore,
And clad in ſuch attire as Virgins wore,
He kept them company, and might right well
For he did all but *Eucharis* excell
In all the faire of beauty, yet he wanted
Vertue to make his owne deſires implanted

In his deare *Eucharis*, for women neuer
Loue beautie in their sex, but enuie euer.
His iudgement yet (that durst not suit addresse,
Nor past due meanes, presume of due successe)
Reason gat fortune in the end to speed
To his best praies, but strange it seemed indeed,
That fortune should a chast affection blesse,
Preferment seldome graceth bashfulnesse.
Nor graste it *Hymen* yet, but many a dart
And many an amorous thought inthrald his heart,
Ere he obtained her, and he sicke became,
Forst to abstaine her sight, and then the flame
Rag'd in his bosome. O what griefe did fill him,
Sight made him sicke, and want of sight did kill him,
The virgins wondred where *Diætia* staid,
For so did *Hymen* terme himselfe a maid,
At length with sickly lookes hee greeted them,
'Tis strange to see gainst what an extreame streame,
A louer striues, poore *Hymen* lookt so ill,
That as in merit he increased still,
By suffering much, so he in grace decreast.
Women are most wonne when merit least,
If merit looke not well, loue bids stand by,
Loues speciall lesson is to please the eye.
And *Hymen* soon recouering all he lost,
Deceiuing still these maids, but himselfe most.
His loue and he with many virgin dames,

Noble by birth, noble by beauties flames,
Leauing the towne with songs and hallowed lights,
To doe great *Ceres Eleusina* rites
Of zealous sacrifice, were made a pray
To barbarous Rouers that in ambush lay,
And with rude hands enforst their shining spoile;
Farre from the darkned City, tir'd with toile.
And when the yellow issue of the skie
Came trouping forth, iealous of cruelty,
To their bright fellowes of this vnder heauen,
Into a double night they saw them driuen,
A horride Caue, the theeues blacke mansion,
Where wearie of the iourney they had gone, (gains
Their last nights watch, & drunke with their sweete
Dull *Morpheus* entred, laden with silken chaines,
Stronger then yron, and bound the swelling vaines,
And tired senses of these lawlesse swaines,
But when the virgin lights thus dimly burnd,
O what a hell was heauen in? how they mournd
And wrung their hands, & wound their gentle forms
Into the shapes of sorrow, golden stormes
Fell from their eyes, As when the sun appeares
And yet it raines, so shewde their eyes their teares,
And as when funerall dames watch a dead cor
Weeping about it, telling with remorse
What paines he felt, how long in paine he lay,
How little food he eate, what he would say,

And then mixe nournefull tales of others deathes,
Smothering thēſelues in clouds of their own breaths,
At length one chearing other, cal for wine,
The golden bowle drinke teares out of their eyne,
As they drinke wine from it, and round it goes,
Each helping other to relieue their woes,
So caſt theſe virgins beauties mutuall raies,
One lights another, face the face diſplayes,
Lips by reflexion kiſt, and hands hands ſhooke,
Euen by the whitenes each of other tooke.
But *Hymen* now vſde friendly *Morpheus* aide,
Slew euery theefe, and reſcude euery maide.
And now did his enamourd paſsion take
Hart from his hearty deed, whoſe worth did make
His hope of bounteous *Eucharis* more ſtrong,
And now came *Loue* with *Proteus* who had long
Iuggl'd the little god with prayers and gifts,
Ran through all ſhapes, and varied all his ſhifts,
To win *Loues* ſtay with him, and make him loue him
And when he ſaw no ſtrength of ſleight could moue
To make him loue, or ſtay, he nimbly turnd, (him
Into *Loues* ſelfe, he ſo extreamely burnd.
And thus came *Loue* with *Proteus* and his powre,
T'encounter *Eucharis*, firſt, like the flowre
That *Iunoes* milke did ſpring the ſiluer Lilly,
He fell on *Hymens* hand, who ſtraight did ſpie
The bounteous godhead, and with wondrous ioy

Offered it *Eucharis*. She wondrous coy
Drew backe her hand, the ſubtle flower did woo it,
And drawing it neere, mixt ſo you could not know it.
As two cleere tapers mixe in one their light,
So did the Lillie and the hand their white,
She viewed it, and her view the forme beſtowes,
Amongſt her ſprits, for as colour flowes
From ſuperficies of each thing we ſee,
Euen ſo with colours formes emitted be,
And where Loues forme is, loue is, loue is forme
He entred at the eye, his ſacred ſtorme
Roſe from the hand, loues ſweeteſt inſtrument.
It ſtird her bloodes ſea ſo, that high it went,
And beat in baſhfull waues gainſt the white ſhore,
Of her diuided cheeks, it rag'd the more.
Becauſe the tide went gainſt the haughty wind
Of her eſtate and birth, and as we find
In fainting ebs, the flowrie Zephire hurles,
The greene-haird *Helleſpont*, broke in ſiluer curles
Gainſt *Heroes* Towre, but in his blaſts retreat,
The waues obeying him, they after beat,
Leauing the chalkie ſhore a great way pale,
Then moiſt it freſhly with another gale
So ebd and flood in *Eucharis* face,
Coyneſſe and Loue ſtriu'd which had greateſt gr
Virginity did fight on Coyneſſe ſide,
Feare of her parents frownes, and ſmall prid

Lothing the lower place more then it loues
The high contents, desert and vertue moues.
With loue fought *Hymens* beauty and his valure,
VVhich scarce could so much fauour yet allure
To come to strike, but fameles idle stood,
Action is fiery valours soueraigne good.
But Loue once entred, wisht no greater aid
Then he could find within, thought, thought betraid
The bribde, but incorrupted garison,
Sung *Io Hymen*, there those songs begun,
And Loue was growne so rich with such a gaine,
And wanton with the ease of his free raigne,
That he would turne into her rougheſt frownes
To turne them out, and thus he *Hymen* crownes,
King of his thoughts, mans greateſt Emperie,
This was his firſt braue ſtep to deitie.
Home to the mourning City they repaire.
With newes as wholesome as the morning aire,
To the ſad parents of each ſaued maid,
But *Hymen* and his *Eucharis* had laid
This plot, to make the flame of their delight
Round as the Moone at full, and full as bright,
Becauſe the parents of chaſte *Eucharis*
Exceeding *Hymens* ſo, might croſſe their blis,
And as the world rewards deſerts, that law
Cannot aſſiſt with force, ſo when they ſaw
Their daughter ſafe, take vantage of their owne,

Praise *Hymens* valour much, nothing bestowne,
Hymen must leaue the virgins in a groue
Farre off from *Athens*, and go first to proue
If to restore them all with fame and life,
He should enioy his deareſt as his wife.
This told to all the maids, the moſt agree,
The riper ſort knowing what t'is to bee
The firſt mouth of a newes ſo farre deriu'd,
And that to heare & beare newes braue folk liu'd
As beeing a carriage ſpeciall hard to beare
Occurrents, theſe occurrents being ſo deare,
They did with grace proteſt, they were content
T'accoſt their friends with all their complement
For *Hymens* good, but to incurre their harme,
There he muſt pardon them. This wit went warme,
To *Adoleſhes* braine, a Nymph borne hie
Made all of voyce and fire, that vpwards flie,
Her hart and all her forces neither traine,
Climb'd to her tongue, and thether fell her braine,
Since it could goe no higher, and it muſt goe,
All powers ſhee had euen her tongue did ſo,
In ſpirit and quickneſſe ſhee much ioy did take,
And lou'd her tongue, onely for quickneſſe ſake,
And ſhe would haſte and tell. The reſt all ſtay,
Hymen goes on, the Nymph another way:
And what became of her Ile tell at laſt,
Yet take her viſage now, moiſt lipt, long fa'ed,

Thin like an yron wedge, ſo ſharpe and tart,
As t'were of purpoſe made to cleaue *Loues* hart.
Well were this louely beauty rid of her,
And *Hymen* did at *Athens* now prefer
His welcome ſuit, which he with ioy aſpirde,
A hundred princely youthes with him retirde
To fetch the Nymphes, Chariots and muſicke went;
And home they came, heauen with applauſes rent.
The Nuptials ſtraight proceed, whiles all the towne,
Freſh in their ioyes might doe them moſt renowne.
Firſt gold-lockt *Hymen* did to Church repaire,
Like a quicke offering burnd in flames of haire,
And after with a virgin firmament,
The godhead-prouing Bride, attended went
Before them all, ſhe lookt in her command,
As if forme-giuing *Cyprias* ſiluer hand
Gripte all their beauties, and cruſht out one flame,
She bluſht to ſee how beautie ouercame
The thoughts of all men. Next before her went
Fiue louely children deckt with ornament
Of her ſweet colours, bearing Torches by,
For light was held a happie augurie
Of generation, whoſe efficient right,
Is nothing elſe but to produce to light.
The od diſparent number, they did chuſe
To ſhew the vnion married loues ſhould vſe,
Since in two equall parts it will not ſeuer,

But the midst holds one to reioine it euer,
As common to both parts, men therefore deeme,
That equall number gods doe not esteeme,
Being authors of sweet peace and vnity,
But pleasing to th'infernall Emperie,
Vnder whose ensignes Wars and Discords fight,
Since an euen number you may disunite
In two parts equall, nought in middle left,
To reunite each part from other reft,
And fiue they hold in most especiall prise,
Since t'is the first od number that doth rise
From the two formost numbers vnity
That od and euen are, which are two and three,
For one no number is, but thence doth flow
The powerfull race of number, Next did goe
A noble Matron that did spinning beare
A huswifes rocke and spindle, and did weare
A weathers skin, with all the snowy fleece,
To intimate that euen the daintiest peece,
And noblest borne dame should industrious be,
That which does good, disgraceth no degree.

And now to *Iunos* temple they are come,
Where her graue Priest stood in the marriage ro
On his right hand did hang a skarlet vaile,
And from his shoulders to the ground did traile
On either side, ribands of white and blew,
With the red vaile he hid the bashfull hew

Of the chaſte Bride, to ſhew the modeſt ſhame,
In coupliug with a man ſhould grace a dame.
Then tooke he the diſparent ſilkes, and tide
The louers by the waſts, and ſide to ſide,
In token that thereafter they muſt binde
In one ſelfe ſacred knot each others minde,
Before them on an Altar he preſented
Both fire and water, which was firſt inuented,
Since to ingenerate euery humane creature,
And euery other birth produ'ct by nature,
Moiſture and heat muſt mixe, ſo man and wife
For humane race muſt ioyne in nuptiall life.
The one of *Iunoes* birds, the pained Iay,
He ſacrifiſde, and tooke the gall away.
All which he did behinde the Altar throw,
In ſigne no hate of bitterneſſe ſhould grow
Twixt married loues, nor any leaſt diſdaine.
Nothing they ſpake, for t'was eſteemd too plaine
For the moſt ſilken mildnes of a maid,
To let a publike audience heare it ſaid,
Shee boldly tooke the man, and ſo reſpected,
Was baſhfulneſſe in *Athens*, it erected
To chaſte *Agneia*, which is ſhamefaſtneſſe
A ſacred temple, holding her a goddeſſe.
And now to Feaſts, Masks, and triumphant ſhows,
The ſhining troupes returnd, euen till earth throwes
Brought forth with ioy the thickeſt part of night,

When the ſweet Nuptiall ſong that vſde to cite,
All to their reſt, was by *Phemonor* ſung,
Firſt *Delphean* Propheteſſe, whoſe graces ſprung
Out of the *Muſes*, well ſhee ſung before,
The Bride into her Chamber, at which dore,
A Matron and a Torch-bearer did ſtand,
A painted box of Confits in her hand,
The Matron held, and ſo did other ſome
That compaſt round the honoured Nuptiall roome.
The cuſtome was that euery maid did weare,
During her maidenhead, a ſilken ſphere,
About her waſte, aboue her inmoſt weede,
Knit with *Minervas* knot, and that was freed
By the faire Bridegroome on the marriage night,
With many Ceremonies of delight,
And yet eternizde *Hymens* tender Bride,
To ſuffer it diſſolu'd ſo ſweetly cride.
The maids that heard, ſo lou'd, and did adore her,
They wiſht with all their hearts, to ſuffer for her,
So had the Matrons that with Confits ſtood,
About the chamber, ſuch affectionate blood,
And ſo true feeling of her harmeleſſe paines;
That euery one a ſhowre of Confits raines.
For which the Bride youths ſcrãbling on the g
In noyſe of that ſweet haile their cries were drow
And thus bleſt *Hymen* ioyde his gracious Bride,
And for his ioy was after deifide.

The Saffron myrror by which *Phœbus* loue,
Greene *Tellus* deckes her, now he held aboue
The cloudy mountaines, and the noble maid,
Sharpe-visag'd *Adolesche*, that was straid
Out of her way, in hasting with her newes,
Not till his houre th' *Athenian* terrets viewes,
And now brought home by guides, she heard by all
That her long kept occurrents would be stale,
And how faire *Hymens* honours did excell
For those rare newes, which she came short to tell,
To heare her deare tongue rob'd of such a ioy,
Made the well spoken Nymph take such a toy
That downe she sunke, when lightning from aboue,
Shrunke her leane body, and for meere free loue,
Turnd into the pied-plum'd *Psittacus*,
That now the Parrat is surnam'd by vs,
Who still with counterfeit confusion prates,
Nought but newes common to the commonst mates.
This told, strange *Teras* toucht her Lute and sung
This dittie, that the torchy euening sprung.

Epithalmion Teratos.

COme, come deare night, loues Mart of kisses,
Sweet close of his ambitious line,
The fruitfull summer of his blisses
Loues glory doth in darknes shine,
[illegible] soft rest of Cares, come night,

Come naked vertues onely tire,
The reapeſt harueſt of the light,
Bound vp in ſheaues of ſacred fire.
Loue cals to warre,
Sighes his alarmes,
Lips his ſwords are,
The field his armes.
Come night and lay thy veluet hand
On glorious Dayes outfacing face,
And all thy crowned flames command,
For torches to our Nuptiall grace.
Loue cals to Warre,
Sighes his Alarmes,
Lips his ſwords are,
The field his Armes.
No need haue we of factious Day,
To caſt in enuy of thy peace,
Her bals of Diſcord in thy way,
Her beauties day doth neuer ceaſe,
Day is abſtracted here,
And varied in a triple ſphere.
Hero, Alemane, Mya, ſo outſhine thee,
Ere thou come here, let *Thetis* thrice refine thee.
Loue cals to Warre,
Sighes his Alarmes,
Lips his ſwords are,
The field his Armes.

The euening ſtarre I ſee,
Riſe youthes the euening ſtarre,
Helpes loue to ſummon warre,
Both now imbracing be.
Riſe youthes, loues right claims more then bãkets, riſe
Now the bright Marigolds that decke the skies,
Phœbus celeſtiall flowers, that (contrary
To his flowers here) ope when he ſhuts his eye,
And ſhuts when he doth open, crowne your ſports,
Now loue in night, and night in loue exhorts
Courtſhip and Dances: All your parts employ,
And ſuit nights rich expanſure with your ioy,
Loue paints his longings in ſweet virgins eyes,
Riſe youthes, loues right claimes more then bankets
Riſe virgins, let faire Nuptiall loues infold (riſe,
Your fruitleſſe breaſts, the maidenheads ye hold
Are not your owne alone, but parted are,
Part in diſpoſing them your Parents ſhare
And that a third part is, ſo muſt ye ſaue
Your loues a third, and you your thirds muſt haue.
Loue paints his longings in ſweet virgins eyes;
Riſe youths, loues right claims more thẽ bankets, riſe.
Herewith the amorous ſpirit that was ſo kind
To *Teras* haire, and comb'd it downe with winde
Still as it Comet-like brake from her braine,
Would needs haue *Teras* gone, and did refraine
To blow it downe, which ſtaring vp diſmaid,

The timorous feast, and she no longer staid,
But bowing to the Bridegroome and the Bride,
Did like a shooting exhalation glide
Out of their sights, the turning of her backe
Made them all shrieke, it lookt so ghastly blacke.
O hapleſſe *Hero* that most hapleſſe clowd,
*T*hy ſoone ſucceeding tragedie foreſhewde,
*T*hus all the nuptiall crew to ioyes depart,
But much-rong *Hero* ſtood hels blackeſt dart,
whoſe wound becauſe I grieue ſo to diſplay,
I vſe digreſsions thus t'increaſe the day.

The end of the fifth Seſtyad.

The Argument of the ſixth SESTYAD.

Leucote *flies to all the windes,*
And from the fates their outrage blindes,
That Hero *and her loue may meete.*
Leander (*with* Loues *compleat fleet*
Mand in himſelfe) *puts forth to Seas,*
When ſtraight the ruthleſſe Deſtinies,
With Art ſtir the winds to warre
Vpon the Helleſpont: *Their iarres*
Drownes poore Leander. Heroes *eyes*
Wet witneſſes of his ſurpriſe,
Her Torch blowne out: Griefe caſts her downe
Vpon her loue, and both doth drowne,

In whose iust ruth the God of Seas
Transformes them to th' Acantides.

NO longer could the day nor Destinies
Delay the night, who now did frowning rise
Into her Throne, and at her humorous breasts,
Visions and dreames lay sucking, all mens rests,
Fell like the mists of death vpon their eyes,
Dayes too long darts so kild their faculties.
The winds yet, like the flowres to cease began,
For bright Leucote, *Venus* whitest Swan,
That held sweet *Hero* deare, spread her faire wings,
Like to a field of snow, and message brings
From *Venus* to the fates, t'intreat them lay
Their charge vpon the windes, their rage to stay,
That the sterne battell of the seas might cease,
And guard *Leander* to his loue in peace.
The Fates consent (aye me dissembling Fates)
They shewd their fauors to conceale their hates,
And draw *Leander* on, lest seas too hie
Should stay his too obsequious Destiny,
Who like a fleeting slauish parasite,
In warping profite or a traiterous sleight,
Hoopes round his rotten body with deuotes,
And prickes his descant face full of false notes
Praising with open throat (and oathes as fowle
As his false heart) the beauty of an Owle,
Kissing his skipping hand with charmed skips,

That cannot leaue, but leapes vpon his lips
Like a cocke-ſparrow, or a ſhameleſſe queane
Sharpe at a red-lipt youth, and nought doth meane
Of all his antickе ſhewes, but doth repaire
More tender fawnes, and takes a ſcattered haire
From his tame ſubiects ſhoulder, whips and cals
For euery thing he lackes, creepes againſt the wals
With backward humbleneſſe, to giue needleſſe way
Thus his falſe fate did with *Leander* play.
First to blacke *Eurus* flies the white *Leucote*,
Borne amongſt the *Negros* in the *Leuant* ſea,
On whoſe curled head the glowing Sun doth riſe,
And ſhewes the ſoueraigne will of Deſtinies,
To haue him ceaſe his blaſts, and downe he lies.
Next to the fenny *Notus*, courſe ſhe holds,
And found him leaning with his armes in folds
Vpon a rocky, his white haire full of ſhowres,
And him ſhe chargeth by the fatall powres,
To hold in his wet cheeks his cloudy voice,
To *Zephire* then that doth in flowres reioyce,
To ſnake-foot *Boreas* next ſhe did remoue,
And found him toſsing of his rauiſht loue,
To heate his froſty boſome hid in ſnow,
Who with *Leucotes* ſight did ceaſe to blow.
Thus all were ſtill to *Heroes* hearts deſire,
Who with all ſpeed did conſecrate a fire
Of flaming gummes, and comfortable ſpice,

To light her torch, which in such curious price
She held, being obiect to *Leanders* sight,
That nought but fires perfum'd must giue it light.
She lou'd it so, she grieu'd to see it burne,
Since it would waste, and soone to ashes turne,
Yet if it burn'd not, t'were not worth her eies,
What made it nothing, gaue it all the prize.
Sweet torch, true glasse of our societie,
What man does good but he consumes thereby?
But thou wert lou'd for good, held high, giuen show,
Poore vertue loth'd for good, obscur'd held low.
Doe good, be pin'd, be deedlesse good, disgrast,
Vnlesse we feed on men, we let them fast.
Yet *Hero* with these thoughts her torch did spend,
VVhen Bees make waxe, Nature doth not intend
It should be made a torch, but we that know
The proper vertue of it, make it so,
And when t'is made, we light it: nor did nature
Propose one life to Maids, but each such creature,
Makes by her soule the best of her true state.
VVhich without loue is rude, disconsolate,
And wants loues fire to make it milde and bright,
Till when, maids are but torches wanting light.
Thus gainst our griefe, not cause of griefe wee fight,
The right of nought is gleand, but the delight.
Vp went she, but to tell how she descended,
[illegible] God she were not dead, or my verse ended.

She was the rule of wiſhes, ſumme and end,
For all the parts that did on loue depend,
Yet caſt the torch his brightneſſe further forth,
But what ſhines neereſt beſt, holds trueſt worth.
Leander did not through ſuch tempeſts ſwim
To kiſſe the Torch, although it lighted him:
But all his powers in her deſires awaked,
Her loue and vertues cloth'd him richly naked.
Men kiſſe but fire that onely ſhewes purſue,
Her torch and *Hero*, figure, ſhew and vertue.
Now at oppoſde *Abydus* nought was heard,
But bleating flockes, and many a bellowing herd
Slaine for the nuptials, crackes of falling woods,
Blowes of broad axes, powrings out of floods.
The guilty *Helleſpont* was mixt and ſtaind
With bloody torrent, that the ſhambles raind,
Not arguments of feaſt, but ſhewes that bled,
Foretelling that red night that followed.
More blood was ſpilt, more honours were addreſt,
Then could haue graced any happy feaſt.
Rich banquets, triumphes, euery pompe imploies
His ſumptuous hand, no miſers Nuptiall ioyes.
Aire felt continuall thunder with the noiſe,
Made in the generall marriage violence,
And no man knew the cauſe of this expence,
But the two hapleſſe Lords, *Leanders* ſire,
And poore *Leander*, pooreſt where the fire

Of credulous loue made him moſt rich ſurmiſde,
As ſhort was he of that himſelfe he ſurpriſde,
As in an empty Gallant full of forme,
That thinks each looke an act, each drop a ſtorme,
That fals from his braue breathings, moſt brought vp
In our *Metropolis*, and hath his cup
Brought after him to feaſts, and much Palme beares,
For his rare iudgement in th'attire he weares,
Hath ſeen the hot Low Countries, not their heat
Obſerues their rampires and their buildings yet.
And as for your ſweet diſcourſe with mouths is heard.
Giuing inſtructions with his very beard,
Hath gone with an Ambaſſador, and been
A great mans mate in trauelling, euen to *Rhene*
And then puts all his worth in ſuch a face,
As he ſaw braue men make, and ſtriues for grace
To get his newes forth, as when you deſcrie
A ſhip with all her ſaile contends to flie
Out of the narrow *T*hames with winds vnapt,
Now croſſeth here, then there, then this way rapt
And then hath one point reacht, then alters all,
And to another crooked reach doth fall,
O thal'e a burdbolts ſhoote, keeping more coile
Then if ſhee danſt vpon the oceans toile,
So ſerious is his trifling company,
In all his ſwelling ſhip of vacantrie.
And ſo ſhort of himſelfe in his high thought,

Was our *Leander* in his fortunes brought.
And in his fort of loue that he thought won,
But otherwiſe, he skornes compariſon.
O ſweet *Leander* thy large worth I hide
In a ſhort graue, ill-fauourd ſtormes muſt chide
Thy ſacred fauour, I, in flouds of incke,
Muſt drowne thy graces, which white papers drinke,
Euen as thy beauties did the foule blacke ſeas,
I muſt deſcribe the hell of thy diſeaſe,
That heauen did merit, yet I needs muſt ſee
Our painted fooles and cockehorſe peſſantrie,
Still ſtill vſurpe, with long liues, loues and luſt,
The ſeats of vertue, cutting ſhort as duſt
Her deare brought iſſue, ill to worſe conuerts,
And tramples in the blood of all deſerts.
Night cloſe and ſilent now goes faſt before
The Captaines and Souldiers to the ſhore,
On whom attended the appointed fleet
At *Seſtus* bay, that ſhould *Leander* meet.
Who faind he in another ſhip would paſſe,
which muſt not be, for no one meane there was
To get his loue home but the courſe he tooke.
Forth did his beauty for his beauty looke,
And ſaw her through her Torch, as you behold
Sometimes within the ſunne a face of gold,
Form'd in ſtrong thoughts, by that traditions force
That ſaies a God ſits there, and guids his courſe.

His sister was with him, ro whom he shewd
His guide by sea, and said, oft haue you viewed
In one heauen many starres, but neuer yet
In one starre many heauens still now were met.
See louely sister, see, now *Hero* shines,
No heauen but her appeares, each star repines,
And all are clad in clouds, as if they mournd
To be by influence of earth out-burnd.
Yet doth she shine, and teacheth vertues traine,
Still to be constant in hels blackest raigne,
Though euen the gods themselues do so entreat them,
As they did hate, and earth as she would eate them.
Off went his silken robe, and in he leapt,
Whom the kind waues so licorously cleapt,
Thickning for haste one in another so,
To kisse his skin, that he might almost goe
To *Heroes* Tower, had that kinde minute lasted
But now the cruell fates with *Ate* hasted
To all the windes, and made them battell fight
Vpon the *Hellespont*, for eithers right,
Pretended to the windie Monarchie.
And forth they brake, the seas mixt with the skie
And tost distrestt *Leander*, being in hell,
As high as heauen: Blisse not in height doth dwell,
The Destinies sate dancing on the waues,
To see the glorious winds with mutuall braues
Consume each other, O true glasse to see,

How ruinous ambitious Statists be
To their owne glories, Poore *Leander* cried
For helpe to sea-borne *Venus* she denied,
To *Boreas*, that for his *Atthæas* sake,
He would some pitty on his *Hero* take,
And for his owne loues sake on his desires,
But glory neuer blowes cold Pitties fire.
Then calde he *Neptune*, who through all the noyse
Knew with affright his wrackt *Leanders* voice,
And vp he rose, for haste his forehead hit
Gainst heauēs hard Christal, his proud waues he smit
With his forkt sceptre, that could not obey,
Much greater powers then *Neptunes* gaue them sway,
They lou'd *Leander* so, in grones they brake
When they came neere him, and such space did take
Twixt one another, loth to issue on,
That in their shallow furrowes earth was shewne,
And the poore louer tooke a little breath,
But the curst fates sate spinning of his death
On euery waue, and with the seruile winds
Tumbled them on him. And now *Hero* findes
By that shee felt her deare *Leanders* state,
She wept and prayed for him to euery fate,
And euery wind that whipt her with her haire
About the face, she kist, and spake it faire,
Kneeld to it, gaue it drinke out of her eyes
To quench his thirst, but still their cruelties

Euen her poore Torch enuied, and rudely beate
The bating flame from that deare foode it eate,
Deare, for it nourisht her *Leanders* life,
Which with her robe she rescude from their strife,
But silke too soft was, such hard hearts to breake,
And she deare soule, euen as her silke, faint, weake,
Could not preserue it out, O out it went.
Leander still calde *Neptune*, that now rent
His brakish curles, and tore his wrinkled face
Where teares in billowes did each other chase
And (burst with ruth) he hurld his marble mace,
At the sterne Fates, it wounded *Lachesis*
That drew *Leanders* thread, and could not misse
The thread it selfe, as it her hand did hit,
But smote it full, and quite did sunder it.
The more kind *Neptune* rag'd, the more he raste
His loues liues fort, and kild as he embraste,
Anger doth still his owne mishap encrease,
If any comfort liue, it is in peace.
O theeuish Fates, to let Blood, Flesh and Sence,
Build two faire Temples for their excellence,
To rob it with a poisoned influence.
Though soules gifts sterue, the bodies are held deare
In vglyest things, Sense-sport preserues a Beare.
But here nought serues our turnes, O heauen & earth,
How most most wretched is our humane birth?
And now did all the tyranous crew depart,

Knowing there was a ſtorme in *Heroes* hart,
Greater then they could make, & skornd their ſmart.
She bowed her ſelfe ſo low out of her towre,
That wonder t was ſhe fell not ere her howre,
With ſearching the lamenting waues for him,
Like a poore Snaile, her gentle ſupple lim
Hung on her turrets top ſo moſt downe right,
As ſhe would diue beneath the darkneſſe quite,
To finde her Iewell, Iewell, her *Leander*,
A name of all earths iewels pleas'd not her,
Like his deare name, *Leander* ſtill my choiſe.
Come nought but my *Leander*, O my voice
Turne to *Leander*, henceforth be all ſounds
Accents and phraſes, that ſhew all griefes wounds,
Analyſde in *Leander*, O blacke change,
Trumpets doe you with thunder of your clange
Driue out this changes horror, my voice faints,
Where all ioy was, now ſhrieke out all complaints.
Thus cried ſhe, for her mixed ſoule could tell
Her loue was dead: And when the morning fell,
Proſtrate vpon the weeping earth for woe,
Bluſhes that bled out of her cheekes did ſhow,
Leander brought by *Neptune* bruſde and torne
with Cities ruines, he to rockes had worne,
To filthy vſuring rockes that would haue bloo-
Though they could get of him no other good.
She ſaw him, and the ſight was much much more,

Then might haue seru'd to kill her, should her store
Of giant sorrowes speake? burst, die, bleed,
And leaue poore plants to vs that shall succeed
She fell on her loues bosome, hugg'd it fast,
And with *Leanders* name she breath'd her last.
Neptune for pitty in his armes did take them,
Flung them in the aire and did awake them,
Like two sweet birds surnam'd th' *Acanthides*,
Which wee call Thistle warps, that neere no seas
Dare euer come, but still in couples flie,
And feede on thistle tops, to testifie
The hardnes of their first life in their last:
The first in thornes of loue that sorrowes past,
And so most beautifull their colours show,
As none (so little) like them, her sad brow
A sable veluet feather couers quite,
Euen like the forehead cloth that in the night,
Or when they sorrow Ladies vse to weare,
Their wings blew, red and yellow mixt appeare,
Colours, that as we construe colours paint
Their states to life, the yellow shewes their saint,
The dainty *Venus* left them blew, their truth,
Their red and blacke ensignes of death and ruth.
And thus true honour from their loue-death sprung,
They were the first that euer Poet sung.

FINIS.